PENTHOUSE

JUNE / JULY 2018

INTERVIEW WITH RICKY GERVAIS

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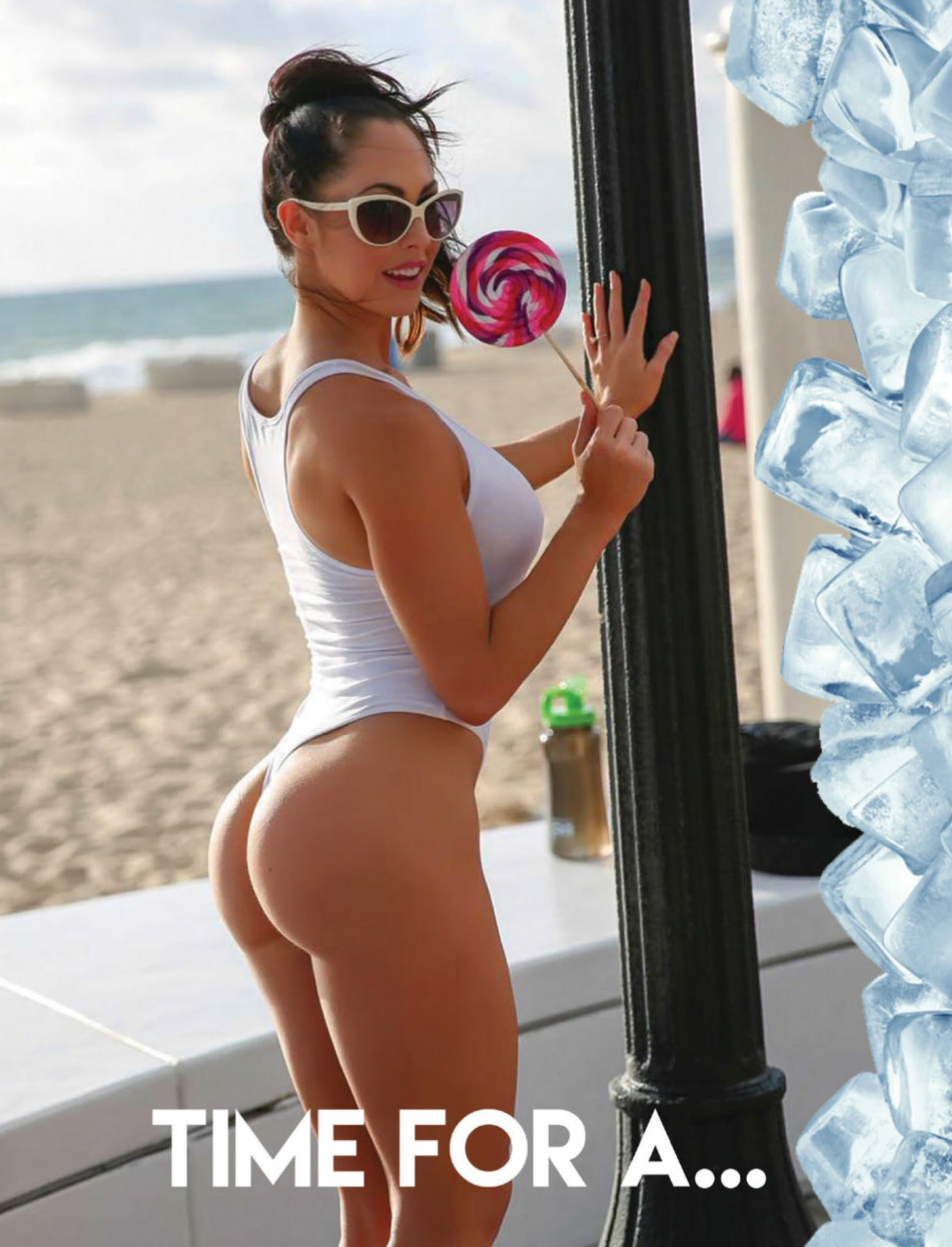
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Tel: 1300 650 666

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES
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Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Earlier this year, the United States Congress passed two bills with wide-reaching implications for sex workers around the world. By attacking websites that advertise sexual services, "SESTA/FOSTA" aimed to put an end to the illicit sex trafficking trade. Whether it achieved this goal is debatable. But it has certainly stuffed up the lives of sex workers all over the world.

These kinds of laws are like pissing in a wetsuit – feels good at the time, but do bugger-all to help the situation. SESTA/FOSTA hasn't stopped sex trafficking, it has, however, destroyed the livelihood of sex workers and made their jobs a lot more dangerous in the process. One has to wonder in the first place, if this was the covert goal of the perennially puritanical American establishment. You can read all about the trials and tribulations of Aussie sex workers in this month's Report.

In Australia, we have it pretty good. Our attitudes to sex are open(ish), but sometimes we still seem to need a little push in the right direction. So we went to the most debaucherous, sexually-open place we could think of – Pattaya, Thailand. It was a wild week. Our journalist, Ian Neubauer, certainly learnt a lot. It definitely wasn't all positive, either. Check out the Feature to get in-depth coverage of our wild week in the 'sex capital of the world'.

There's a lot more inside these pages, after all, it's about our favourite topic – sex. As per usual, it has fresh journalism that the mainstream (lamestream) media won't report, along with the world's most beautiful women shot by the best photographers around.

DAMIEN COSTAS
Editor-In-Chief

PENTHOUSE

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TOM HARDY

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COLUMBIA PICTURES

FLAMIN' HELL-O-SAURUS

WHY PORNSTARS ARE BETTER THAN SCARECROWS | A NEW CURE FOR BALDNESS | GIRLS TRADE NUDES FOR A PUPPY

WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

GUN-TOTING NUTS GET MARRIED WITH ASSAULT RIFLES

JUST a few weeks after Nikolas Cruz gunned down 17 fellow students at a high school in Parkland, Florida, a strange cult-like organisation held a bizarre marriage ceremony celebrating the AR-15, the same deadly weapon used in the attack.

More than 300 couples descended on Newfoundland, Pennslyvania to marry or renew their vows – and pay homage to the AR-15, which they believe is God's sacred "rod of iron" on Earth.

The phrase, "Only in America" comes to mind. Images of the ceremony published by UK news outlet *Sun Online*, depict couples packed into a small chapel with assault rifles in hand and bullet-crowns adorning their heads.

The Church's leader, Pastor Hyung Jin Sean Moon, along with his family, walked in a procession, holding golden AR-15s, declaring that the congregation had a "God-given right" to bear arms to protect themselves against the evils of "Satanist systems of Communism and Socialism".

Couples looked lovingly into each other's eyes, holding their assault weapons, and took part in a sacred wine ceremony, exchanging and reciting vows.

The organisation, called the World Peace and Unification Sanctuary Church, has nothing to do with mainstream Christianity. Their belief system seemingly revolves solely around what they perceive to be their divine right to bear arms

Many local residents complained that the event was insensitive to recent victims of the Florida school shooting, with one local school shutting down for the day in protest.

A church official denied that the event was in any way disrespectful, explaining to the *Sun Online*: "I think it actually shows our commitment to protect other students so that a tragedy like that will never happen in our community and in any other community where good people claim the tools with which to fight evil."

WE DO NOT HAVE LIFT OFF: FLAT-EARTHER'S ROCKET FAILS TO LAUNCH

MIKE HUGHES, a professional daredevil and avowed flat-Earther, has failed an attempt to launch his rocket into outer space. The aim of this aeronautical endeavour was to prove the Earth is a giant disc, surrounded by glacial mountains, not the globe shape we have all come to know and love.

Hughes' mission began last year and already he's faced considerable difficulties, failing three times to launch his homemade rockets into the atmosphere. A person who must be high all the time finds it difficult to get into the sky. Isn't that beautiful?

The recent launch was intended as a publicity stunt to help raise a further $2 million dollars for his final voyage later this year, when he plans to take a hot-air balloon into the upper atmosphere and use a rocket pack to propel himself to a point high enough to assess the Earth's shape. This stunt is crazy for obvious reasons, namely: The Earth is undoubtedly round. Everyone knows the Earth is round. Astronauts, every scientist, space agencies from around the world, your average five-year-old child – they all agree. Also, this rocket-propelled journey into the upper atmosphere will certainly kill him. There's that.

We live in an age where information is abundant and access to said information is ubiquitous, but clearly, there are still plenty of dumbasses out there, willing to risk their life to prove a point.

FARMER USES PORNSTAR TO PROTECT CROPS

A FARMER from rural India has erected a large poster of Indian-American pornstar-cum-Bollywood actor Sunny Leone to keep his bumper crop of cauliflower safe.

A Chenchu Reddy of Banda Kindi Palle village is worried that the wandering "evil eye" of covetous villagers might lead them to steal his crops. Usually, local farmers prevent such malicious activity with a scarecrow or a small, ugly doll called a "Bommalu", which is believed to ward off thieving bastards.

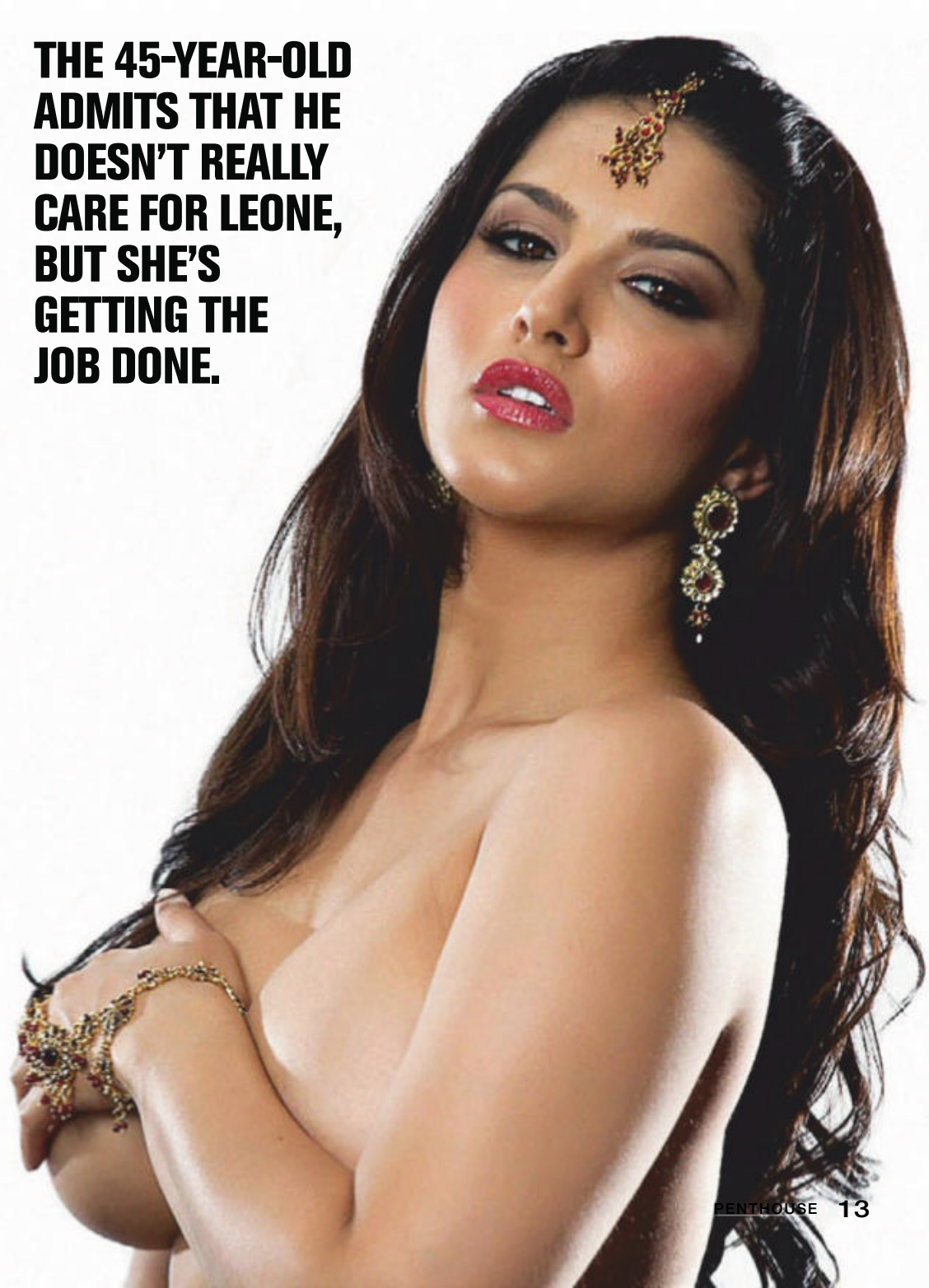
While a little unorthodox, Reddy's approach appears to be working just fine. Written in the local language, Telugu, across the poster is: "Orey, nannu chusi edavakura," which means, "Hey, don't cry or feel jealous of me".

The 45-year-old admits that he doesn't really care for Leone, but she's getting the job done. "The trick has worked," he said, "nobody is looking at my crop now".

India is home to strange customs and superstitions, and in some parts of the country, it's very conservative, especially concerning sex. But that doesn't worry our mate Reddy who reckons he hasn't broken any indecency laws with the scantily clad image, and, even if he has – who cares?

"The officials never bother to come to our fields to find out our problems," he pointed out, "Why should they have any objection?"

THE 45-YEAR-OLD ADMITS THAT HE DOESN'T REALLY CARE FOR LEONE, BUT SHE'S GETTING THE JOB DONE.



TRUMP COCK-BLOCKING HIS SUPPORTERS

WE'VE all run into dating issues at some point in our lives. Not everyone you meet is 'the one', and all too often they end up 'the one you'd prefer to be furthest from at the bar'. Traditional dating (the type that's done in dingy bars and clubs, not on phones) relies on what the DJ plays, the number of tequila shots served and whether or not certain 'substances' (which we do not in any way condone the use of) are available. It can lead to some unfortunate encounters.

For instance – in your alcohol-induced haze, it may not occur to you that those blurry figures on your newly-found lover's shelf are miniature My Little Pony toys, and the large poster on their wall depicts two cartoon horses in what looks like a particularly rigorous session of BDSM (Rule 34, guys – if it exists, there's porn of it).

Enter the digital dating game, where apps like Tinder, Bumble, Happn, The League and Grindr provide an opportunity to vet prospective partners without the interference of inebriation.

This particular form of dating is proving especially hard for Donald Trump staffers and Trump supporters in the U.S. capital Washington D.C., where, as a result of bitterness surrounding Hillary's loss and Trump's presence in general, there's a reluctance to date conservative men. The women have built a wall, it's around their nether region, and it's leading to some serious dry-spells for the MAGA-men.

One reporter who works for a conservative DC-media outlet has admitted the situation has become so bad that he no longer states his employer on his dating profile and won't talk about politics until he's face-to-face with his date.

Another reporter from the same outlet recounted a story of a woman that fled his house after seeing a number of books by conservative thinkers in his bookshelf. "She was like, 'Oh no. First question: Did you vote for Trump?'," the reporter told the *Washingtonian*. He told her no, but that he was conservative. "She was like 'I have to get out of here. I can't see you,' and left."

These aren't isolated incidents. *The Washingtonian* reports droves of conservative men finding difficulties in the local dating scene.

The US is clearly very divided at this point. Our advice? Get drunk and start fucking again. Either that, or there's going to be a bloody civil war. We strongly advise that they go back to dating the old-fashioned way – making questionable life choices, in a dark room, with lots of alcohol and no fucking politics.

MAN DOESN'T POO FOR 37 DAYS STRAIGHT

A 24-YEAR-OLD man living in England has achieved what must be a world record by holding his poop for 37 days.

This improbable feat of human endurance wasn't spurred on by a desire to go down in history as the most constipated person to ever waddle the Earth. No, it's a result of the young man allegedly swallowing a number of drugs during a chase in an effort to conceal them from police.

Once the young Brit, known at this stage as Jamarr Chambers, was arrested and brought into custody, two officers monitored him around the clock to ensure that when he did pass his little bundle of joy, there would be no way to avoid the full penalty of the law.

But Chambers wouldn't budge. He refused to 'release the Krappen'.

The local cops created a hashtag in honour of the man's perseverance, #poopwatch, which quickly garnered attention on Twitter. A mixture of disgust, admiration and fear for the man's safety was the general sentiment, with one user arguing that the police should let him get away with it, purely out of respect for the man's superhuman efforts.

Holding faeces for more than a week is enough to severely impact one's health. According to Doctor Robert Glatter, a physician at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York, Chambers is likely suffering from faecal impaction. This can cause obstruction or blockage with quite severe consequences. "You're holding onto toxins and poisons that would be eliminated with your faeces," Glatter said. "You can start vomiting."

Worst of all, as a result of his mind-boggling efforts, Chambers may never be able to control his bowel movements again. If he does end up in jail, we imagine this will make it very uncomfortable for whichever person is unlucky enough to end up sharing his cell.

BALDNESS CURE FOUND IN FATTY FAST FOOD

THAT'S right cueballs, the cure for dreaded male-pattern baldness may be finally here. And it's in the bottom of a Maccas fry-vat, of all places.

Scientists from the Yokohama National University found that oxygen-permeable dimethylpolysiloxane (PDMS) allowed hair follicle germs (HGMs) to regenerate and thus grow hair. They published their study in the science journal *Biomaterials*.

One place where you can find PDMS is in fry oil used to cook McDonald's chips, where it's used to keep the oil from foaming. It's the tasty way to stave off hair loss, and your missus can't give you shit for the weight gain you'll inevitably experience, either. It's the perfect excuse.

So, baldies, go forth and stuff your face with as many golden sticks of potato-y goodness as you can, and let us know if you notice any extra growth.

Surely a couple extra kilos will be worth it when your sporting a Fabio-esque mane of perfect hair, right?

DEMONIC POSSESSIONS ON THE RISE, CATHOLIC CHURCH CALLS FOR MORE EXORCISTS

WONDERING what's going on in the world today? Things seem a little out of the ordinary? Well, according to the Catholic Church, there are a rising number of demonic possessions. One Sicilian priest and exorcist, Benigno Palilla, says the demand for exorcisms in Italy has tripled, with over 500,000 recorded cases each year.

Unstable global economies, corrupt public officials, the looming threat of nuclear war, environmental catastrophes, the fact your morning coffee was just that bit too hot today. It's the demons. Frankly, we should have known.

Luckily, the Pope has it sorted. The Vatican has responded to the demon crisis with the opening of a new exorcism training course. Fantastic.

Whoever thought the Catholic Church was an outdated institution run by creepy old pervs – pen a full apology letter, right now.

But we have a few recommendations, that is if the Vatican is willing to hear them.

Millennials are always whinging about the 'economy' and the 'environment' and the threat of 'nuclear war'.

Basically, they need to get a job. And it seems that the Church has some vacancies. The popularity of both *Ghostbusters* and *Harry Potter* amongst the twenty-somethings crowd could be leveraged to get them involved in exorcism training. Have you ever been to a cosplay convention? It's where grown men and women get together, dress-up and pretend to be their favourite fictional characters (come to think about it, the concept shouldn't be that strange for you). We strongly believe Millennials would love nothing more than to make a living by playing dress-up, learning fake magic spells and fighting non-existent ghost-demons.

Find a way to incorporate it into your marketing. Ask the Pope to grow a beard. He'll be like the real-life Dumbledore! Get George Pell and the other Cardinals to wear overalls and vac-packs – just like the Ghostbusters! That should get those snivelling brats off their arses. Hopefully, they'll finally get a life and quit complaining about silly 'Royal Commissions' and the Catholic Church's 'rampant sexual abuse' problem.

FLAMIN' HELL-O-SAURUS

FOR real? Have you guys ever heard something so goddamned badass in your life? We get to see some pretty cool stuff around our office, but exploding dinosaurs is still yet to make the list.

Apparently the 24-foot-tall Tyrannosaurus rex went down in a blaze of glory after an electronic malfunction caused it to catch light.

An onlooker did exactly what any normal person would do when a life-sized T-rex spontaneously combusts right in front of your very eyes, and rightly filmed it. What are you supposed to do? Get help? Yeah right...

The Royal Gorge Dinosaur Experience in Colorado may have lost one of its main drawcards, but co-owner Zach Reynolds remained good-humoured about the incident. “We knew he had a temper, but today he blew his top,” he joked. “It made for some spectacular imagery along the way.”

This incident was that awesome even one of the owners acknowledged it was worth losing a major attraction just to see it happen.

Reynolds hopes that by next summer a new dinosaur will take its place.

CHINESE CONDOMS TOO SMALL FOR AFRICANS

CHINA makes a lot of stuff. Look at the tag on your shirt, the bottom of your coffee mug, the small electronic components inside your iPhone. It should come as no surprise that your contraceptives are also coming from the People’s Republic.

There are around 300 manufacturers that produce condoms in China, totalling an output of around three billion contraceptives each year.

However, there is no ‘one-size-fits-all’ approach when it comes to manufacturing rubbers, and there can be some serious consequences when the prophylactics don’t fit.

During an HIV/AIDS conference in Harare, Zimbabwe, Health Minister David Parirenyatwa stated that while local youths had picked a preferred brand of condom, there were complaints that the Chinese-manufactured product was “too small”.

We can’t help but feel there’s some low-key shade being thrown here. Let’s be honest – the implications are clear.

Size jokes aside, HIV continues to be a very serious issue in Southern Africa. Zimbabwe in particular has one of the highest infection rates in the world with 13.5 percent of the adult population infected with the virus. Condoms are a chief component in the fight against the AIDS epidemic that continues to ravage the region.

Chinese manufacturers have already pledged to look into the issue and adjust the size of their product accordingly.

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DOCTOR CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN!

DR MELVYN Iscove, a Toronto-based psychiatrist known for having a "special interest" in treating homosexual men has been found guilty of sexual abuse by engaging in sexual activity with two of his male patients.

According to the complainants, he engaged in mutual masturbation (several occasions), oral sex (a few times) and anal intercourse (just the once). How that was supposed to help 'cure' homosexuality is anyone's guess.

Gay conversion therapy has long been discredited by the medical community. It doesn't work. But one would expect jerking off another man could possibly be among the least effective means of 'treatment'.

The medical regulator wrote in their disciplinary decision that, "Neither complainant described any emotional or romantic aspects of the sexual activity with Dr Iscove, and both said that at some point, they thought that the sexual activity was part of the therapy and an attempt to cure them of homosexuality by engaging in the acts, rather than fantasising about them."

Christians believe in "praying the gay away", this guy believes in "gaying the gay away" – similar approach, in that neither would work, ever.

If we were going to put forward our own little theory, it's almost like – not that we can be sure – but it's almost as if the doctor who believes you can treat homosexuality like it's a disease is… gay.

Unbelievable, we know.

MAN STRIPS NAKED AND WATCHES PORN ON A PLANE

A YOUNG Bangladeshi man has been arrested after he stripped naked and watched an adult film in the middle of a flight from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia to Dhaka, Bangladesh.

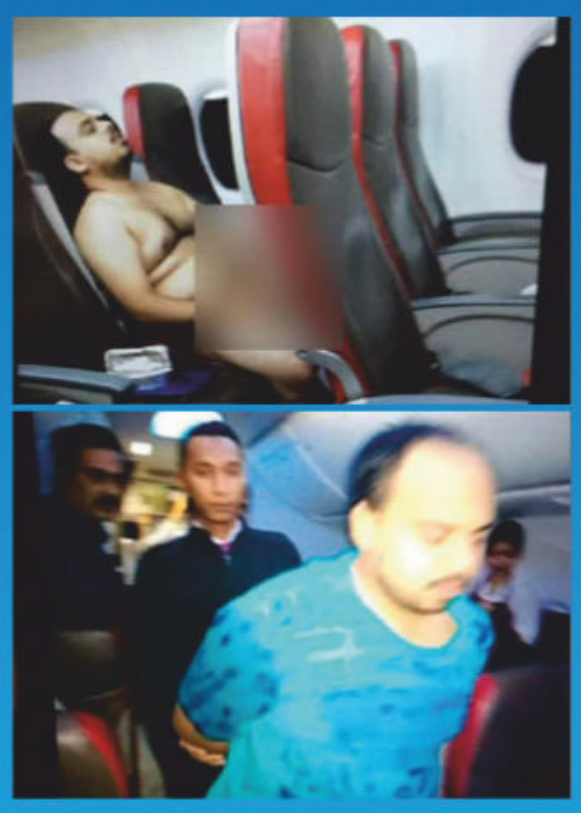
Dude, that's not how you get into the Mile-High Club…

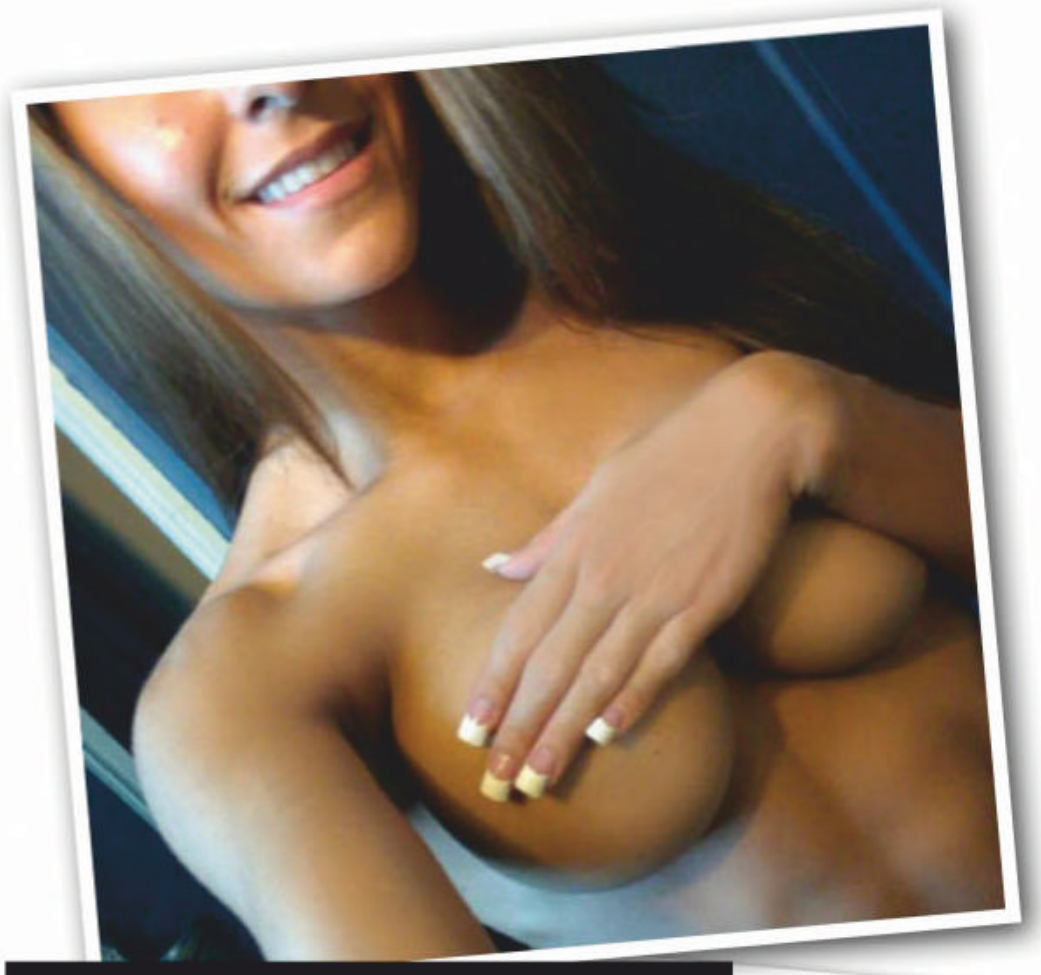
The 20-year-old university student began to take off his clothes and started watching pornography on his laptop at around 10,000 feet. An airline crew member asked him to stop, and the aerial masturbator complied.

Soon after, though, he tried to hug a female crew member on his way to the restroom. Attempts were made to calm the free-loving flyboy, but after he became aggressive, both crew and passengers helped to restrain him by tying a piece of cloth around his hands, according to reports from *News.com.au.*

Passengers seated behind the jumbo jet jerk-off were redistributed around the cabin for the remainder of the 3 hour and 45-minute flight.

Once safe on terra firma, the Dhaka airport security team accompanied the man and local authorities put him in jail, where he belongs.





COLLEGE GIRLS TRADE NUDES FOR A PUPPY

FOUR students from San Antonio, Texas, conspired to trade nude images in exchange for a baby Alaskan Husky. The things girls will do for a cute puppy...

The four freshmen, who are all roommates living together on campus at the University of Texas, saw the puppy for sale on Snapchat. After they refused to pay the $300 asking price, they asked if the (male) seller would give it to them for free. Obviously, a master of negotiation, the seller replied that a "payment of nudes" could be sufficient. To his surprise, the girls agreed.

OBVIOUSLY, A MASTER OF NEGOTIATION, THE SELLER REPLIED THAT A "PAYMENT OF NUDES" COULD BE SUFFICIENT. TO HIS SURPRISE, THE GIRLS AGREED.

This is where things get a little sneaky, though. Alyson, the girl who wanted the puppy and was supposed to send the nudes, instead sent pictures of another girl. They got the pictures from Maria, one of the four roommates, who had nudes of another friend on her phone. Complicated, we know.

For the record, Maria asked her friend's permission before sending her naked photos off in exchange for the puppy, the friend only asked that Maria "at least send the good ones".

The four girls then picked up the puppy in a slightly awkward exchange, with the young man none-the-wiser to the fact he had received a random girl's nudes instead of the ones promised. Let's be honest, though – he probably doesn't care.

GET THE PICTURE

INSPIRATION comes from the strangest places, as Miles Marie will tell you. She developed *Chewy* after a sudden light bulb moment involving a discarded piece of chewing gum. "I wanted to do a series using non-cloth items to obscure a woman's breasts (pennies and google eyes). But I couldn't think of the third item to complete the series," she tells us. "Until one day, I spat my gum into my fingers to throw it out and took an extra second to actually look at the gum; slimy and used up, and thought, 'now we're on to something.'"

CREDIT: Miles Marie

HOT SHOT

CHANEL VASILJ

@synthetik_

It's all or nothing for Melbourne model Chanel. "Moderation is for cowards," the 25-year-old tells us. "On a weekend I'm either at home on the couch wrapped in a blanket with my dog and a book, or I'm on a high-speed chase that ends on a Monday. There's nothing in between."

Photographer: Michael Sanderson

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE VIBRATOR

PERSONAL massagers, vibrators – whatever you choose to call them – have stood the test of time, with one-in-three Australian women owning at least one vibrator. Originally invented centuries ago as treatment for hysteria, we now take a look at the creative history of this household device.

1883

The first electric vibrator (for medical usage) was invented by English physician Dr. Joseph Mortimer Granville.

1890

Dr. Macaura's **Pulsocon Hand Crank**, a hand-powered device that somewhat resembled an egg beater, was invented.

1902

Hamilton Beach patented the first electric vibrator for use in the home.

1937

The **Oster Stim-U-Lax** was invented. This electric device made use of the "personal touch," as it was designed to be strapped onto the top of the hand.

1954

Niagara No.1, the first electric vibrator that didn't require a user's manual, was invented. It featured a control box that regulated speed.

2018

Today, there is a wide variety of vibrators, that come in all shapes and sizes. One of the most popular – **The Deluxe Rabbit** – has eight patterns of waves and pulses and 12 levels of adjustable intensity for ultimate pleasure.

SOURCE: GIZMONDO

MAN OF THE MOMENT

JOHNNY KNOXVILLE

JOHNNY Knoxville is making a comeback. In cinemas this month, we'll see the master of ludicrous bone-breaking stunts make a painful return to the big screen with his newest film, *Action Point*. We just checked out the trailer, and you know what? It looks pretty good.

In the same vein as the 2013 film, *Bad Grandpa*, starring Knoxville and Co. from the hit MTV reality show *Jackass*, *Action Point* has characters and a story, providing a context for the stunts the team perform. It's a loose narrative, but it gives the audience a better reason to sit through an hour and bit of Knoxville and his mates putting themselves through the mincer.

When we were growing up, Knoxville's face was everywhere. Young men looked up to his maniacal clown-like persona, disregarding the warnings flashed on the screen before and after each episode of *Jackass*. "The following show features stunts performed either by professionals or under the supervision of professionals… etc."

The warnings did f*ck all, the revolution had already begun. Anyone with a camera (or now a phone) could be a star. Some unlucky teens broke bones and a few even died. For the most part, though, young skater punks were satisfied letting their mates roll them down a hill in a trolley. It was a slightly more extreme version of hopscotch compared to what Knoxville put himself through.

A bit over a year ago we interviewed Jeff Tremaine, the former editor of *Big Brother* magazine, where Knoxville got his first break. Knoxville's pitch was to test various self-defence weapons on himself and then write it up. Tremaine thought they should film it as well, and that dumb idea went onto become the first *Jackass* TV show, where Tremaine would direct and Knoxville would be the star.

In the early days, Tremaine and particularly Knoxville had a DIY mentality when it came to stunts. During his interview with *Penthouse*, Tremaine recounts how Knoxville requisitioned a beanbag shotgun like the ones they use for crowd control and somehow convinced a local stuntman to shoot him with it. Tremaine, the voice of reason (a relative term in this case), thought they should try out the gun first. It blew through a watermelon and two separate pieces of plywood and on top of that, it was wildly inaccurate. Knoxville was unperturbed and wanted to continue with the stunt anyway (they didn't do it, much to Knoxville's dismay).

"That tells you everything you need to know about Knox," says Tremaine. "He's just Evel Knievel-style. Evel would have the wrong gear and show up and see the crowd and know that if he commits to the jump over however many buses that he's eating shit but, 'Goddamnit! The crowd is here, let's do this!'"

Through countless broken bones (and one broken penis), Knoxville's provided us with hours of excruciatingly funny entertainment. If you're a fan, you can see *Action Point* when it's released this June 28. Knoxville himself said he went even harder than in *Jackass*. "I thought of the most painful stunts I could, and we made a film," he told *VICE* in an interview back in March. It's based on the true story of a New Jersey theme park that existed in a magical time before litigious parents and OH&S regulations. The kids were left to their own devices and naturally, as Knoxville put it, "People got wrecked."

Yeah, it's juvenile, but who cares? Every time Knoxville gets in front of a camera, something you've never seen before is about to happen. To give you a little taste – Knoxville recounted how when he got back on set after a gnarly concussion and blew his nose, his left eye popped out. If that doesn't get you psyched, then nothing will.

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FILM

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND PORN

THESE days, eating ethically is all the rage. It's trendy to give a shit about whether the beef on our burger lived a good life before it hit our plate, or whether the person who farmed our coffee beans was paid a fair wage. In the supermarket, words like 'free range', 'fair trade' and 'organic' are strong selling points with many of us happy to pay a few extra bucks to know we're eating with a cleaner conscience.

But have you ever stopped to think about the porn you consume in the same way? Were the pornstars you're watching bonk away paid a fair wage and treated well? Did they fuck on their own terms? How consensual was the whole situation? Why shouldn't we consider the background of where our porn has come from to the same degree we do our food?

Enter the concept of ethical porn.

Much like the way free-range eggs, organic produce and fair-trade coffee have changed the way we shop for food, ethical porn is changing the landscape of pornography.

The mainstream population generally shares the opinion that porn is degrading and exploitative to women. While, of course, not all porn is shitty, exploitative behaviour and dodgy practices do happen in the porn industry. That's where this wave of ethical porn comes in. Ethical porn strives to promote images of people enjoying their sexuality with consent, and on their own terms. As pornstar Annie Sprinkle once said, "The answer to bad porn isn't no porn… it's to try and make better porn."

While there aren't any firm guidelines that dictate whether porn is ethical, some talk about ethicality as a mix of content that is created legally and in safe working conditions, with everyone being fairly paid. Others argue that porn is only ethical when it celebrates the diverse and complex nature of sexuality, shows real sex and genuine pleasure, consciously features a variety of body types, rejects demeaning stereotypes and focuses on consent. With that being said, ethical porn doesn't have to be soft or romantic. Hard, rough sex or BDSM-centric porn that explores the darker corners of human sexuality and fetishes can still be ethical. What makes it ethical is the condition it was produced in and how it's marketed.

Mistress Annie, producer of Australian-based porn company, Girls Out West, centres an ethical approach to the porn she creates. "Ethical porn matters," Annie says. "We pride ourselves in shooting porn from the female gaze. Our films showcase real women, raw sexuality and models doing what genuinely turns them on."

But how can you tell whether the Czechoslovakian MILF casting-couch porn you're watching is ethical?

"The behind-the-scenes footage in porn can give you a lot of clues as to whether it's ethical. It usually shows another side of the production; the models in good spirits, being pampered and talking about their experience before and after filming."

In the heat of the moment of gearing up for a sneaky wank, you probably won't feel inclined to stop and hunt down the backstage footage or research the ethics of the company you're watching content from. The easiest way to ensure you're watching ethical porn is to pay for it. Paying for clips directly from performer's sites is a way to ensure the content was shot ethically and to support it ethically. Yep, you'll likely have to spend a few bucks, but you can start building your own ethical porn library that won't leave a bad taste in your mouth.

DAVID LEE ROTH

NIKKI SIXX AND TOMMY LEE

BOWIE AND HUDSON

MUSIC

ROCKSTAR SEX STORIES YOU'VE NEVER HEARD

ROCKSTARS are well documented for their debaucheries and depravity, so it's not hard to understand why they have such notorious reputations as sexual deviants and lotharios. Here are a couple of the more novel stories we dug up for your reading pleasure:

David Lee Roth's Groupie Scavenger Hunt

The sex antics of David Lee Roth are well documented (check out his anecdotal biography *Crazy From the Heat* for more in-depth depictions of debauchery, including having sex with five girls at a time during a video shoot, and insuring his penis). But one of his more entrepreneurial exploits regarding sex involves Mr. Roth directing hordes of roadies, mid-show to find girls and hand them backstage tickets to have an, ahem, 'intimate meet and greet' backstage with the man himself. Each roadie would sign the tickets with initials and if the lucky pass turned up the next morning among the discarded lingerie, he would get a $100 breakfast bonus. But it gets better. In an act of true rockstarian magnanimity, Roth allowed the backstage crew free reign to pick up the remaining girls once the pack down was complete. Apparently, this cut bump out time in half. You can fault Roth for objectification sure, but I'll bet his management was stoked.

Nikki Sixx and the Spaghetti Incident

Possibly the definitive groupie band – c'mon, they wrote a song called "Girls, Girls, Girls" – Mötley Crüe have had frankly more than any band's fair share of groupie sex stories. By far the most hilarious, and certainly the grossest started in the summer of '89 with a friendly competition between singer Nikki Sixx and drummer Tommy Lee (you know him, he invented sex tape scandals with Pamela Anderson) in which they saw who could go the longest without showering and still have sex with groupies without them throwing up or leaving on account of the smell. The conclusion to this sexscapade came when a certain young lady was performing fellatio on our hero and it seems that all those days and nights sans a bit of soap and a scrubbing brush were just a bit too much for her. Apparently, she had been eating spaghetti and it came up right on Sixx's member. The disgraced rocker was forced to concede defeat to his drummer… and hopefully had a shower.

David Bowie Banged Slash's Mum… Repeatedly

In 1976, David Bowie was filming *The Man Who Fell To Earth* and on set he met the beautiful Ola Hudson, a hairstylist. Over the next three years they would maintain a relationship. Slash himself has voiced his dislike for the man but it's hard to blame him: imagine having Bowie tell you bedtime stories with that crazy blue eye staring at you. You'd have nightmares! There's that, and the fact that he once caught them in the act. We're not saying Bowie was instrumental in sparking the rebellious fire that created the Shred God that is Slash, but wethinks walking in on the Thin White Duke and your mother making the beast with two backs would give anyone an Appetite for Destruction.

TECH

SWIPE RIGHT

THERE are enough dating apps available that if you just play the numbers, your failures will eventually lead to success. It's a golden age for online dating. Each app has its own flavour and upon each you will meet girls looking for different things. Are you after a date or a hook-up? Are you looking for long-term love, or a night of lust?

According to the Pew Research Centre, the majority of people now say online dating is a great way to meet people. And everyone is getting amongst it, usage between 18 to 24 year olds has tripled, while those aged between 55 and 64 years of age report a 6 percent jump, to a total of 12 percent of oldies giving it a crack. We'd like to see if Viagra sales have increased, but we were unable to find the data [For those who simply must know: Viagra revenue has actually fallen consistently over the past few years. Though this probably has to do with Pfizer's patent for the drug expiring in a number of countries – Ed.].

Predictably, as the perception of online dating changes, and the market continues to grow, more apps are popping up and vying for your swipe-time. A lot has changed since Tinder and Plenty of Fish, so which are the best new contenders for you to consider? ❶

TOP 3 CONTENDERS

HAPPN

With over 40 million users, Happn is the second largest dating app in the world. Happn's selling point is that it matches you with people you've passed on the street, which is a great way to strike up conversation with ice-breakers like, "Hey, who are you and why are you following me?"

Like Tinder, once the two of you have liked each other, or if you send a "charm" to someone's inbox, you can strike up a conversation and let the magic happen.

On the flip side, if you do get a stalker, you know they're going to be close to your location, which could make things uncomfortable. If on the other hand, the stalker is you…

Pros: Passing someone on the street makes for exciting conversation.

Cons: If the match doesn't work out, it could lead to uncomfortable future situations if you frequent the same spots.

BUMBLE

Is it just us, or do the females on Bumble seem to be a little… hotter, than other dating apps? Yes, it's a thing, and there is a reason for it. Unlike the others, Bumble requires women to make the first move before you can talk to them. This is significant. The current problem for online dating with women on apps like Tinder is that it's much like visiting a meat market and having every vendor not only show you his wares, but also try to force them down your throat. Sure, the free food is good for a while, but after a while, you want to be a bit more discerning. The good thing about Bumble is that if a woman contacts you, well, she contacted you. She's probably interested – try not to f*ck it up!

Pros: Women initiate conversation, so you only spend time chatting with people who have shown interest in you.

Cons: You must swipe and wait for someone to contact you.

WINGMAN

Is your dating game slower than Schapelle Corby's travels across Bali? Then perhaps it's time you let your mate do it for you – with Wingman. We all know how well it works out when your mates get a hold of your phone and log onto your Facebook account, so let's extend that concept to online dating. Once nominated, Wingman gives your friend control of the matches you make – they then have permission to swipe on your behalf, making the process completely invisible to you, unless you get a match. This is great if you don't handle rejections too well, or your mate just loves swiping. The con – your mate could well end up banging the chick he was meant to be hooking you up with.

Pros: An unusual concept which gives a fun angle to online dating.

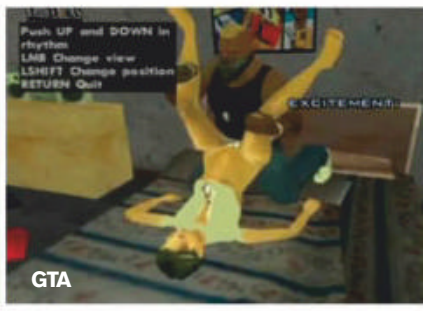
Cons: You're unable to choose your own matches.

GAMING

BLUSHBOX HEARTBEAT 2018

WITCHER 3

SIMS



GTA

WHEN I started playing *Witcher 3*, I expected a lot of things. Sex on the back of a unicorn, I can honestly say, was not one of them. Gone are the days when sex in a video game meant "Woo-hooing" (Thanks, *Sims*) to a 70s soundtrack with a whole lotta pixel. Though incredibly difficult to animate and attracting no end of controversy (I'm looking at you *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*), sex in games is fast becoming a serious business, with a host of AAA games allowing characters to get themselves into compromising positions. That's not to say sex in games has been lying dormant until now, though. It's hit its peak in the indie gaming community, with smaller developers displaying a strong commitment to diversity and education, without sacrificing entertainment value.

Despite the fact there are more examples of sex in games than ever before, sifting through the good, the bad and the ugly to find content that's not only great to look at, but also enjoyable to play can still be difficult. But fear not, help is at hand!

Meet Blushbox: a group of Australian-based game developers whose core mission is to promote and generate discussion about sex, romance and intimacy in video games. Founded in 2016, the collective aims to create prototypes and curate resources, as well as host events and exhibitions, such as their XXXhibition at PAX 2017 and the recent three-day symposium, Heartbeat. Taking some of the most unique voices in gaming, along with delegates of all disciplines, Heartbeat was a brilliant addition to the 2018 gaming calendar. Inspiration came to the Blushbox team from a similar event, the Lyst Summit held in Norway last year.

Sex and romance as a genre and a component of modern game design is rarely the focus of conversation, more often than not tacked on to packed rosters at existing events. Blushbox sees the immense value in creating events revolving around these topics. I was lucky enough to be asked to speak at Heartbeat about what games can teach us about consent, and I joined a roster of phenomenal speakers, with discussions that ranged from the technical to the philosophical. The final two days of the symposium were devoted to a game jam. For the uninitiated, a jam involves planning, designing and developing a game in a short space of time, usually 24 to 48 hours. This was my first jam, and I was lucky to be sorted into a team with a skill set that ranged from coding through to sound and music design. Our game, *UFO, STI, WTF* is about an alien taking their first visit to a human STI clinic. Jams are a pressure cooker of ideas, with many gaming success stories starting out at events like Heartbeat. You can find my team's game, along with other games from the jam at Blushbox.itch.io

A visit to the Blushbox website will lead you to the Love Collection. Described as "an evergrowing collection of games with themes of intimacy, love, sex and romance." Whether you're after some no strings fun or a longer commitment, you'll find it here. You can find out about upcoming events by following @blushboxcltv on Twitter. The collective regularly teams up with Bar SK in Melbourne and events such as PAX to showcase games from the Love Collection, with plans for another exhibition coming soon.

- LUCIE BEE

WHEN DOES IT MATTER WHAT POLLIES DO IN THE BEDROOM?

WHEN does the sex life of a politician become important? Pretty bloody rarely, thankfully.

Obviously, it's a matter of significant importance if the law has been broken. No one has the right to commit non-consensual harm to another. That rule applies to everyone, and for almost everyone, the rules should stop there – what you do in the bedroom is between you and your partners. But politicians occupy a special place in our society. They stand for things, and they can make those things part of all our lives. It's a big responsibility, and the very least we ask is that if something is going to affect all of us, well, it better bloody apply to politicians too.

Which brings us to the case of Bonking Barnaby. Mr Family Values, who opposed gay marriage because it would undermine the sanctity of traditional marriage, who opposed the HPV-vaccine programme because he thought it would make young ladies promiscuous, apparently thought it fine to fuck around behind his wife's back with a staffer. He was happy to stand up in front of the cameras and moralise about what we should and shouldn't do, but as soon as the cameras were pointed elsewhere he'd drop those values in a second to get his dick wet. Illegal, no. Hypocritical, yes. Politicians should be punished by voters for their hypocrisy – they can't espouse standards, sexual or otherwise, but not live up to them themselves.

But that's where the line should be drawn. Sure, a lot more newspapers would be sold with headlines like "Senatorial Sex Sandwich! Pics page 3". But we shouldn't buy into it. Not because politicians are entitled to the same privacy as the rest of us, though. The issue here is that in the modern world of image management, sex can be used to manipulate our opinions.

You might recall the media storm around Rudd's drunken trip to a strip club. Murdoch's papers thought they had him on a silver platter. But rather than sink his prime ministerial ambitions, it seems the exposé actually gave him a boost. The pompous-nerdy-doofus looked, at least for a moment, like a good 'ole-fashioned red-blooded Aussie male.

Now imagine the lengths an unscrupulous politician in need of some pub-test credibility might go to? Paid off porn stars tweeting "The minister made me squirt!". Four-hour tantric session sex tapes leaked to the tabloids. Malcolm sitting side by side with Lucy, telling *60 Minutes*' Charles Wooley, "Yes, I eat ass".

Of course, because it's still illegal in this country for a woman with a position higher than Macca's Night Manager to be confident in her sexuality without being called a slut, it's going to be our male politicians who might attempt this stunt. But don't think it won't happen. There's a lot of folk in Canberra and the various state parliaments that would do just about anything to reverse their polling numbers. It's our responsibility to know when a someone pulls the political equivalent of faking a hickey with a vacuum's nozzle, and to not buy into it.

Just remember, when it comes to politics, it's not who they fuck, it's who they fuck over.

BONK BAN

Fiona Patten is the Reason Party's (formerly known as the Sex Party) Member in Victoria's Legislative Chamber. She's also the co-founder of Eros, Australia's adult industry association. It's fair to say she knows a thing or two about politics and sex, and she doesn't think much of the prime minister's Bonk Ban, which says ministers can't sleep with their staff.

"I don't want governments to tell me who I can and can't have sex with in an adult, consenting fashion," she told *Penthouse*. "And I don't think they should be telling each other."

Politicians, she says, are people too, and like many other Australians they'll develop relationships with people they work with. A blanket ban makes little sense.

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UNCOVERED

Sweet licks

PHOTOGRAPHER/MODEL
SYLPH SIA

INSTAGRAM
@SYLPHSIA

SYLPH Sia is a full-time freelance travelling nude model. Not content doing the average 9 to 5 grind, she travels Australia and internationally going where her passion for photography, modelling and nudity bring her. But Sylph has run into a bit of trouble. She first contacted us after reading one of our (many) pieces about censorship (appropriately titled “F*ck Censorship”). You see, Sylph had been removed from Instagram for her salacious self-portraits. We asked if she’d landed herself in any real-life trouble for her ‘liberal’ attitude to wearing clothing. Despite shooting naked in Sydney’s CBD and in front of well-known Adelaide churches, she’s managed to get by. “It never ceases to amaze me how people are often so unobservant of what’s going on around them!”

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INTERVIEW

IT'S ALL ABOUT ME

RICKY GERVAIS ON CUTTING JOKES, TAKING A KNEE AND HIS NEW NETFLIX SHOW ABOUT DEATH

"EVEN I can't talk about myself for an hour," says Ricky Gervais as he sits down in his Hampstead office to talk about himself for an hour. Meet the new improved Gervais, whose world tour of his latest show, *Humanity*, has already begun. More mature, more thoughtful, still opinionated and, of course, still talkative. ››

CREDIT: BRUCE DESSAU / EVENING STANDARD / THE INTERVIEW PEOPLE PHOTO: SAM ARONOV

PHOTO: SAM ARONOV

When I arrive, the photoshoot has just finished, which is a shame because I was going to suggest that Gervais, not averse to commenting on Trump, as you will read, take a knee in the pictures. Though I did express concern that, at 56, he might not be able to get up again. This prompts the first of many outbursts of his trademark hyena laugh before he gets more serious.

"People taking a knee deserve a round of applause. They are brave enough and they might get into trouble but I think that's what a real hero is. If you think you won't get into trouble then there's nothing heroic about it. I don't know what Trump has to do to lose his supporters. It's like a religion. He's a school bully. This last six months has been crazy. He has said so many things that we can't keep an eye on them all. He's like he's an emperor, he does what he wants."

Humanity finds Gervais tackling topics including Trump, Brexit, cancer, blasphemy and also his family and how laughter was so vital growing up in Reading. It is his most personal set yet.

A memorable anecdote about his brother Bob, 11 years older, almost makes you wonder if he is the truly talented Gervais sibling. "I realised what an influence Bob was on me growing up. The point of life was to have a laugh, that was the men... the women carried on working! I wanted to be clever but being funny came first. That's how you know someone is clever. They don't come out and tell you Pi to 13 places – they tell you a joke."

Both of his parents were funny. "My dad was very dry. He didn't say much, he'd hide behind his paper. I remember the family was around once and my mum said, 'He's not put any money away for his funeral'. He just replied, 'Bury me in the garden'. Mum was funny because she told the truth. I remember when I was 12 I asked her why my brothers were so much older than me and she just went 'Because you were a mistake'."

He tweeted his support for Labour at the last election but keeps party politics offstage. "I think everyone is political these days but I don't come down on one side or the other. The only side I take is clever versus stupid. Any line taken out of the context of the show would be horrendous but now I don't care." He has no time for people who say they are offended. "Saying 'I'm offended' is meaningless to me. It's like saying, 'I've got a pain in my leg'. What's that got to do with me?

The self-styled "godless ape" responds to Mel Brooks's recent remark that political correctness is suffocating comedy. "I'm a fan of the kind of political correctness that is about not promoting prejudice. But some people in America are offended by equality because when you've had privilege for so long, equality feels like oppression. There is a vast difference between a government policy of oppression and some fat bloke in a club doing a naughty joke. When a comedian says something and he doesn't mean it, he gets in trouble. When a politician says something and he does mean it he doesn't get in trouble because that's his so-called job."

Talk inevitably returns to Trump. "He is a poster boy for those people who think they are disenfranchised. They are not oppressed. How naive is it that he has somehow told them that George Clooney is the enemy? Whereas this guy is literally in a gold-plated lift?"

During our chat I've been intermittently looking over his shoulder, trying to decipher a mosaic of pink Post-it notes on the wall. I can see that one says, "heckles at a comedy gig", so I assume these are notes about his live show. They turn out to be something much more interesting.

They are ideas for his new Netflix comedy drama. This is the first time he has spoken about it. The series had a working title of *Roll On Death* but he has dropped it because it sounded too comical. "I don't know whether it's a comedy or more of a six-part story. It's like a series that's adapted from a novel, I just haven't written the novel."

WTF RICKY???

Believe it or not, Gervais' career began in the world of pop music. Together with his college friend, Bill Macrae, he formed the new wave pop duo Seona Dancing. Their two singles "More to Lose" and "Bitter Heart" failed to chart within the top 75 in England, however "More to Lose" became a hit in the Philippines.

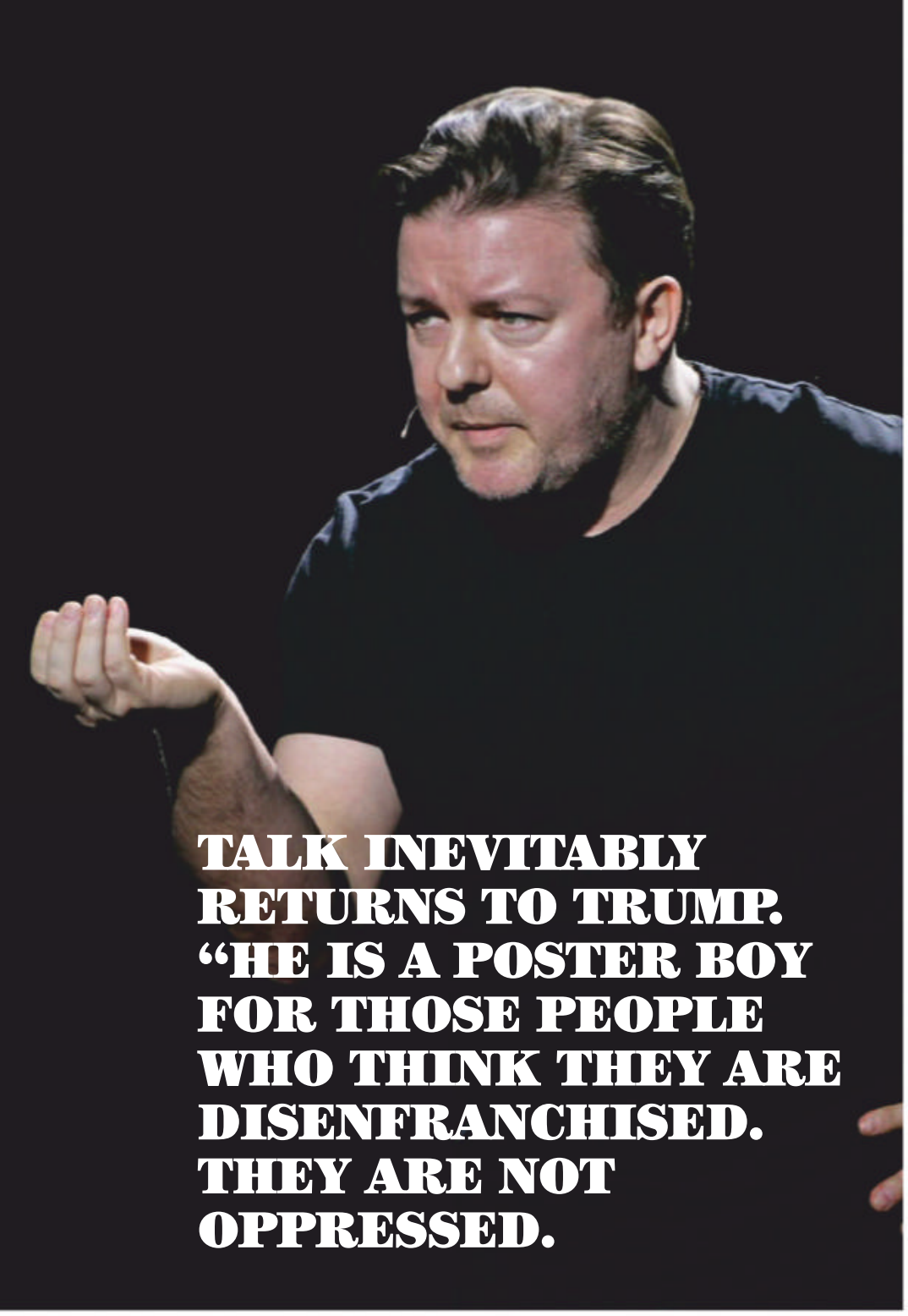
Gervais will play the "middle-aged, grumpy" lead role. "It's a guy whose wife has died and he is in the depths of depression and he nearly kills himself. But the reason he doesn't is that the dog is hungry, so that saves him for a while. He thinks about his crappy job, he works for a free newspaper."

Definitely not based on the *Standard*, he chuckles, as he reads out some of the Post-it notes: "Wakes up ... rude to the boss... dad's in Alzheimer's hospice..."

"The only thing that gets him through it is: 'I'm going to commit suicide one day but until then I'm going to do exactly what I want. I'm going to stop being a doormat and say exactly what I f***ing want'. He's not scared of a mugger because they can't kill his wife, he doesn't give a f***, they can't hurt him anymore. This new-found thing liberates him. It's dark but it's funny and he gets embroiled with people he would never mix with in the underworld. It's like he lives two lives."

It's early days for casting but two people in it will be Tony Way, who played Dontos Hollard in *Game of Thrones*

"SAYING 'I'M OFFENDED' IS MEANINGLESS TO ME. IT'S LIKE SAYING, 'I'VE GOT A PAIN IN MY LEG'. WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?



TALK INEVITABLY RETURNS TO TRUMP. "HE IS A POSTER BOY FOR THOSE PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY ARE DISENFRANCHISED. THEY ARE NOT OPPRESSED.

and Tom Basden, who appeared in *Life on the Road*, 2016's David Brent movie. Gervais is unsure if Brent will surface again. "I think we might have seen the last of him narratively," he suggests. Although he hints that might do something as Brent with his fictional band, Foregone Conclusion.

Gervais and his partner Jane Fallon divide their time between the UK – where they have homes in Hampstead and by the Thames in Marlow – and New York, where they have an apartment on the Upper East Side. But he is still very much a Londoner. Perhaps, unsurprisingly, he voted Remain. "London isn't England and New York isn't America. A Londoner has more in common with someone in New York than someone in Cornwall."

Humanity is riotously entertaining thanks in part to rigorous editing. "I cut out this joke: 'I've had a bit of bad news today. My best friend committed suicide. He went upstairs and swallowed everything in the bathroom cupboard. He choked on a tampon'. It gets a laugh but it's not true and it means the audience won't believe the things that are really true."

The show concludes with an example of the latter, an honest, hilarious account of a family funeral. "I'm trying to make people laugh about things they didn't know they could. Taboo subjects such as death get you there quicker. I've taken them by the hand through a scary forest, they've come out in the sunlight and they realise it wasn't so bad."

THE MANY FACES OF RICKY

XFM

Gervais met long-time writing partner Stephen Merchant (who co-wrote and featured in *The Office*, *Extras* and *The Ricky Gervais Show*) during his time as head of speech at alternative radio station Xfm, where he hired Merchant as his assistant. After the success of *The Office*, the pair returned to the radio station for a Saturday radio show. During this time the duo first met Karl Pilkington, who they would go on to collaborate with on a series of podcasts and television series.

THE OFFICE

During a BBC production course, Merchant had to make a short film. His idea, shot in an office, featured Gervais as 'The Seedy Boss' (the progenitor for the famously daggy office manager David Brent), and went on to be commissioned for a pilot and later a six-episode season. After a slow start initially, the series became a hit with fans and critics, netting Golden Globes for Best Television Series – Musical or Comedy, and Best Performance by an Actor in a Television Series – Musical or Comedy for Gervais.

EXTRAS

Andy Millman was the next major character Gervais would go on to inhabit. A "background artist" and struggling actor, Millman was a notably more self-aware character than David Brent. The show featured cameos from a huge number of well-known celebrities including Samuel L. Jackson, Ben Stiller, Kate Winslet and David Bowie among many more. In 2007, Gervais won the Primetime Emmy Award for Outstanding Lead Actor in a Comedy Series for his portrayal of Andy Millman in the second series of *Extras*.

DEREK

In 2011, Gervais filmed a 35-minute pilot episode for a comedy-drama series, *Derek*. Written and directed solely by Gervais, the show follows titular character Derek Noakes (also played by Gervais), a 49-year-old retirement worker, who "loves animals, Rolf Harris, Jesus, *Deal or No Deal*, *Million Pound Drop* and *Britain's Got Talent*."

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THE REPORT

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

CONFUSING LAWS AND REGULATIONS IN AUSTRALIA MAKE SEX WORK UNSAFE AND DIFFICULT. **BY KATE ISELIN**

REGARDLESS of where you live in Australia, you've probably seen – if not visited – a brothel. They seem to be in every city: on major streets and in strip malls, hidden in industrial areas and backed up on to business parks. Sprawling, multi-storey pleasure palaces advertise glamour models and porn performers alongside tiny, dimly lit massage studios that promise happy endings for less than a 50.

And then there're private workers: pages upon pages of advertisements available to any adult with a working internet connection, with providers advertising everything from sensual massages to 'girlfriend experiences' to acts so raunchy that we daren't print their name.

Sex work, and the people who perform it, are almost everywhere. But most of us rarely stop to think about the legality of the profession. I've met some people who are shocked to hear that sex work is legal, and others who are horrified to hear that it could be anything but.

So stop and think for a moment: what does the law have to say about the brothel in your area? About the service providers who advertise online, or the people whose work is based in the street? Are you breaking the law with your once-a-year visit to the rub 'n' tug? Is your favourite escort in danger of arrest simply for trying to earn a living? And does it really matter to you? Surely not, right? I mean, after all: it's just sex. Isn't it?

Annie* is an intelligent, pretty, articulate brunette. She started working in a brothel around a year ago, while studying; and although she has since finished her studies, Annie still works in that same brothel. Her reasons for doing so are vast. "My sexual and emotional evolution have kept me in the industry," she says. "I have experienced a sexual awakening, become more comfortable with my body, and learnt to practise self-love and experimentation. I've rejected internalised shame and sexism, and prescriptions of what is 'normal' sex and love. I've become part of a sisterhood of women who negotiate and subvert oppression and suffering, and continue to promote compassion. And," she adds cheekily, "Cash."

Annie works in New South Wales, where sex work is decriminalised. The laws here are among the most accommodating in the world, but it's hardly a Wild West free-for-all: adult venues must still pay taxes, register with councils and local authorities, and comply with the same regulations as any other business.

New South Wales is a rarity, though. Fly a few hours up and over the border to Queensland, and life is very different: just ask Janelle Fawkes. Janelle is the Campaign Leader for Respect QLD, a peer-led organisation that campaigns for sex worker rights. "In Queensland, independent sex workers aren't able to work in pairs or even in the same building or hotel as another sex worker – even unknowingly. We can't call or text another worker to let them know that our client has arrived or left, or even share the location of our booking. We're unable to have someone answer our phone for us or play any kind of receptionist role, and we can't even use a driver that another sex worker uses and recommends. Obviously, these are things that sex workers in all areas use as very simple safety strategies."

The current legal framework has been in place for 18 years, and while it doesn't forbid the exchange of sexual favours for cash, it makes it incredibly difficult for sex workers to operate safely without breaking the law. At a recent Respect QLD meeting, Janelle and her colleagues decided to focus their efforts on campaigning for Queensland to adopt the decriminalisation model, as New South Wales has; by asking one simple question: "Why is sex worker safety illegal in Queensland?"

To dive in to the legality of sex work in all the different states and territories of Australia is to fall down a complex and often-contradictory rabbit hole of law. In Victoria, it's legal to own and run a brothel, but illegal to advertise it (surely a frustration for any enterprising parlour owner). The Northern Territory allows escorts to work privately, and to advertise their services, so long as they don't organise the service from the same place they provide it: meaning that it's possible to visit an escort at her apartment, but she legally has to be in a different location when she takes your phone call and confirms the appointment. Western Australia forbids street-based sex work, to the point that an individual can be stopped and searched by police if there is even a suspicion that they may be intending to solicit work. Anecdotally, according to sex worker organisation Scarlet Alliance, condoms are said to be something police frequently search for and use as evidence that an individual may or may not be intending to solicit. But it's also illegal to provide a sexual service in Western Australia without a condom, so many workers find themselves having

WESTERN AUSTRALIA FORBIDS STREET-BASED SEX WORK, TO THE POINT THAT AN INDIVIDUAL CAN BE STOPPED AND SEARCHED BY POLICE IF THERE IS EVEN A SUSPICION THAT THEY MAY BE INTENDING TO SOLICIT WORK.

*NOT HER REAL NAME

to choose between risking arrest for carrying condoms, or risking arrest – and potentially their own health – for providing a service without one.

The act of engaging in transactional sex is not illegal in South Australia, but it's surrounded by a web of prohibitions: it is illegal to receive money from a brothel in respect of prostitution, it is illegal to assist in brothel keeping, and it is illegal to live on the earnings of prostitution. It's even effectively illegal to visit a venue frequented by prostitutes without a 'reasonable excuse'; and recent reported raids by South Australian police have left many workers foregoing the relative safety of working together, in brothels and houses, and choosing to work solo. As Janelle points out, this is indicative of a greater issue: "When police are regulators of the sex industry, they aren't effective at being both protectors and prosecutors. If you report a crime as someone who doesn't work in a criminalised work force, the focus of police is on solving the crime and identifying the perpetrator. If a sex worker in a criminalised state reports a crime, the focus then turns to what a sex worker does in their work – so we're effectively reporting ourselves as doing sex work, and by describing how we do it, we're giving away the fact that we do many aspects of our work illegally."

The consequences of sex workers feeling unsupported by the law, or the law preventing sex workers from working in ways they feel safe, are very real. The recent passing of the SESTA and FOSTA bills in the United States has shut down many avenues of online advertising for sex workers, both in the US and abroad. The bills have changed the Communications Decency Act to hold website owners and hosting companies responsible for what users post on their sites, and while the bill was created to ostensibly fight human trafficking, it's sex workers who have borne the brunt of its effects. With sex trafficking and consensual sex work lumped together in the eyes of many, and sex work illegal in almost every state of the US, there has been a rush by hosting companies to delete any and all sexual content from their servers and websites: many sex workers report losing not only their favoured advertising platforms, and therefore their income, but also their access to health and safety resources, client screening tools, and even personal social media accounts. With some workers turning to street-based work out of desperation, the bills' effects have already been felt heavily: not by traffickers, who now needn't worry about advertisements being kept and used against them as evidence, but by workers themselves. At the time of writing this piece, 14 workers have gone missing and another three have been murdered.

"I believe that the way anti-trafficking prevention has been used in the US is despicable," Janelle says. "[These laws are] a targeted attack on spaces where sex workers advertise, and therefore a targeted attack on sex workers as a whole."

Of course, none of this is to say that the industry should be run without any regulations. For Annie, even New South Wales could stand to improve its approach: she points to the fact that alcohol is often freely available in brothels in New South Wales, who don't have to apply for a liquor license in the same way that restaurants or bars do. But there are a few other suggestions she has to share: "I'd like to see better Occupational Health and Safety standards in brothels and even strip clubs," she says. "Shorter shifts for workers, who are sometimes asked to work 10 or even 12 hours without breaks. There need to be more avenues of support for workers who are being bullied, either by management or other workers; and a way to prevent unfair practices of workers paying excessive shift fees or having money deducted from their pay for clients' poor – and sometimes criminal – behaviour." The list goes on: there's a need for increased education around drug usage and sexual health, particularly among younger workers whose lack of experience in the industry can see them 'led down the garden path' by clients or managers who encourage unsafe practices to get them more bookings, and in turn more money. With almost all brothels providing only casual employment to workers it's not uncommon for a worker to be threatened with losing their job for arriving late to a shift, calling in sick, or refusing to see a client they judge to be intoxicated or unsafe.

"Ultimately," Annie says, "Australian laws around sex work should be universal, yet still locally handled. We need to offer workers more avenues for self-advocacy – but also allow criticism of current laws, too."

And in case you're still thinking that all of this is just irrelevant background noise to your next sneaky parlour visit or strip club outing with the boys, think again. The well-being of sex workers is vitally important, not just because it will have a direct impact on the experience you may have when visiting a sex worker, but because if sex work is to be taken seriously as real work, then the rights of the workers performing it must be taken seriously too. Workplace safety, job security, and support of local councils and law enforcement: none of it should be too much to ask.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF SEX WORKERS FEELING UNSUPPORTED BY THE LAW, OR THE LAW PREVENTING SEX WORKERS FROM WORKING IN WAYS THEY FEEL SAFE, ARE VERY REAL.

ANTON

OPINION

ESCORTING CONTROVERSY

LAWS AND REGULATIONS SHOULD MAKE THE LIVES OF SEX WORKERS SAFER AND EASIER.

BY SENATOR DAVID LEYONHJELM

THERE are a lot of myths surrounding sex work. Chief among them is the claim that sex workers are virtual slaves, unable to escape from a degrading situation which they hate.

Those responsible for propagating these myths disapprove of sex work. To them it is inconceivable that any woman or man would voluntarily agree to have sex for money with a person they don't know. And because they find it inconceivable, they assume it could only occur as a result of coercion.

They are dead wrong. While there are heinous examples of forced prostitution, such as the comfort women of the Japanese military during WWII, these instances are rare. Overwhelmingly, sex work occurs because there are willing buyers and willing sellers of sex.

That is not to deny some people find it morally reprehensible. Sexual intercourse, for most people, is something that occurs within a relationship. Not so long ago it was only considered legitimate between married couples for the purpose of reproduction. Even allowing for modern attitudes and reliable contraception, sex other than in particular circumstances is still viewed with disapproval by many.

And yet prostitution, as they say, is the world's oldest profession. Indeed, it is likely there has never been a civilisation in which prostitution was not found. Certainly there were sex workers in Roman times, more than 2,000 years ago, while in ancient Aztec society the role of prostitute held near sacred status.

Regulatory approaches to sex work have varied enormously, from complete prohibition to various forms of restriction, to regulation with the lightest touch. And yet every prohibition and restriction has been motivated by moral judgement. The world is full of people who, when they don't like something, are obsessed with stopping other people from doing it.

Their attitudes are apparent from what they say about it. Sex work is immoral, they say, assuming this gives them the right to impose their morals on others who do not share them.

They say sex work is degrading, ignoring the fact that those who engage in it may disagree. Thus they seek to 'save' sex workers from this degradation.

They say sex work threatens the sanctity of marriage, ignoring the fact that plenty of women and men do not believe marriage warrants such sanctity.

Free societies are characterised by their adherence to the harm principle, described by John Stuart Mill as: "The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilised community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others."

In other words, unless it is to prevent harm to others, the government should not intervene in the decisions we make. Disapproval, and whether those decisions are wise or what others would make, ought to be irrelevant.

Australia has come a long way from the days when sex work was illegal everywhere. While regulation varies quite a lot between the states, none pretends sex work does not occur. In more enlightened jurisdictions, NSW for example, regulation is directed at ensuring it is as safe as possible for both the sex workers and their customers.

OVERWHELMINGLY, SEX WORK OCCURS BECAUSE THERE ARE WILLING BUYERS AND WILLING SELLERS OF SEX.

That means promoting the use of condoms to prevent transmission of sexually transmitted diseases, and facilitating the establishment of brothels so that sex workers are safe and can enjoy the protections available at any other workplace. Brothels also ensure that those who do not like prostitution can avoid coming into contact with it.

Legal restrictions on sex work are slow to change, not because they are well founded, but because there is still a prudish avoidance of any public discussion about sex and sex work. The more we make public discussion of sex and sex work a normal thing, the easier it will be to finally remove the last unwarranted restrictions on the oldest profession of all.

And for those who don't like prostitution, there is an easy answer: don't be a sex worker, and don't be a customer. It's not difficult.

David Leyonhjelm is a Senator for the Liberal Democrats.

GO BIG

WE CHAT WITH LEGENDARY BIG WAVE SURFER ROSS CLARKE-JONES.
BY ALEX ELDRIDGE

"HELLO? Yeah, this is me, I'll just turn the fricken' disco off. I was just getting into building an Ikea wardrobe…"

Ross Clarke-Jones is not the sort of person to lord his impressive surfing credentials over you. He possesses the sort of good-humoured larrikin attitude that transcends arrogance. There is a Boomer avuncularity to him recognisable in fathers at a Christmas party after the third or fourth beer, telling tall tales of yesteryear. It's not that he feels the need to impress: he just rolls out cracker stories because he loves to tell them.

I begin by herding the elephant out of the room; his recent surfing stint at Nazare, Portugal. His apparent brush with death and exclamation that he was done for the season have been the talk of the surf press.

"That was spur of the moment… It was three and a half months, such good surf; I didn't have to use my airlift canisters once! The waves didn't touch me. This was the last swell of the season, really, and I was a bit slack and a bit careless…"

The swell being smaller than usual, Ross didn't take the usual precautions of a buoyant life vest, and the oversight cost him. Ditching his board, he soon found himself trapped beneath the tumult.

"I was getting smashed around at the bottom, it was like a conveyer belt! It swept me 200 hundred metres under the water." Soon he was being thrashed on the rocks like a rag doll.

Ross is blasé. "I didn't think I was in any danger at all, I just thought 'This is going to be hard work!' The mindset is to fool yourself that you're not in danger so you don't panic."

To some this might seem incredulous, even arrogant, but a devil-may-care attitude is to be expected of a battle-hardened surf warrior like Ross. Born and bred as a North Shore local originally, growing up in Mosman, he became acquainted with the beach early:

"My dad wasn't a surfer but he used to take us down to the beach every day before school. He took us to Manly or Balmoral. Every day he'd chuck us in the car and I'd wake up in the ocean!"

The family moved to Terrigal when he was 10 and by his early teens surfing had become an obsession. "I remember I was like, 13, and I looked out and it was big! I could even see the fear in the older guys, and I just fed off that. I was like 'What's wrong with 'em?' I was kind of insatiable in that respect. It was never big enough…" He pauses, "Until I got to Hawaii."

Once in the pro-circuit, in Waimea Bay, Ross experienced true big wave surfing:

"I thought, here we go, this is Turtle Haven times, like, two or three! But I felt really confident and safe and excited to be a pro!"

He recounts, with great relish, his first competitive experience in Hawaii:

"First heat, 25 feet, Waimea: perfect. I don't think I've ever seen it like that again. I was just following Mark [Richards]. Meanwhile, the rest of the guys, Robbie Bane and Salazar were nearly drowning on the inside!" He guffaws, "I was like, 'What's happened to these guys? Is the heat over or something?' But ignorance is bliss, right? So that was a real turning point again as far as my career as a big wave surfer…"

ONE OF ROSS' CROWNING ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE SURFING WORLD IS, BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, HIS VICTORY IN 'THE EDDIE'.

Ross has always had a bit of a halo when it comes to big wave surfing: he's never broken a bone surfing… technically. "I didn't wipe out for years! It took a really bad wipe out with Tom Carroll, actually. It was a strong, pretty dangerous west swell. Me and Tom are renowned for taking off on the same wave all the time, right?" he giggles. "We just got launched together. I got really hammered. I hit a bowl on the bottom. I didn't think you could even hit the bottom! We usually come up laughing, I can tell you, we weren't laughing then," he chuckles.

The unflappability of Ross in the water is really only matched by the buoyancy of his own personality in person. But there were darker times.

"I got third in the world titles, behind Mark Sainsbury, he was

my best mate. I was so jealous I wanted to punch him! We were like, rivals you know? And then he died a couple years later of an aneurysm. As soon as we turned pro, that was it. It was weird…" A little of the jubilance leaves him and the memory of his passed friend lingers between us. "He pretty much invented the floater [the surfing equivalent of a lip grind in skateboarding], in competition anyway. He should be acknowledged for that."

One of Ross' crowning achievements in the surfing world is, by his own admission, his victory in 'the Eddie.' Effectively, the Olympic Games of surfing, the Quiksilver-sponsored Eddie Aikau Surfing Invitational is every surfers' dream.

"Yeah '87 I think was the first one. And I was confident I could win it, or at least do well in it. I thought 'This is easy!' And then it took like 14 years to get a good go at it… But once I won, it didn't sink in for months. I forgot even that I had a $50,000 cheque! I was down at Star City with two mates a month later and I broke down and cried and went 'Fuck, I won!'" He bursts out laughing.

Oddly, one of Ross' proudest moments doesn't involve actual surfing at all. When filming a feature-length biopic of his life, through good friend Kelly Slater, he somehow managed to rope Hollywood legend Dennis Hopper in to narrate it. "It was like an hour narration. He took six hours because he wanted it just so. We'd go 'That's perfect!', and he'd come back with, 'Fuck you, I'll tell you when it's perfect!' So when we were discussing what he'd be paid, I thought, I'll give him my tow board, because he loves art. So Justin and Chris went down there with the surfboard. He took his Andy Warhol original down off the wall, and put the board in that spot!" Ross spits out gleefully.

"Then I got to meet him at the premiere. He was waiting for me in the competitors' tent because his son was watching Kelly. He said, 'I've been waiting to meet you. Can we get a smoke around here?' I said, 'I don't think we can smoke around here, but I'll have a stogey with you. Let's go.' He says, 'I've got my car over there,'

"I REALLY AM DOING IT FOR A PURE REASON. IT'S NOT MONEY, IT'S THAT I FUCKING LOVE IT!"

What is it about the Eddie that makes it such an event then?

"I'm not sure it's going to be on ever again, and it's such a shame that Quiksilver and the Aikau family couldn't sort it out. It was like rejoicing, celebrating the life of Eddie Aikau, the lifeguard. He epitomises the big wave surfers. He was just a good guy and he helped people, saved countless lives. And half the thing was – you got an Eddie invite! Just to get the invite was cool. And if it goes on, it's the best event on earth. It's like a coliseum of 10,000 people crowding the cliffs. They've got drums going when the set's on. But if it's all over, that was the one to end on. It was a full storm that lasted days."

Does he still feel like he has something to prove in competition?

"It's a personal thing first. I always like to leave it at that. I don't want anyone else's judgement, 'cos that felt so good, right? I don't want to see the photos because they look too small or whatever. It's become this competition, like 'Did you see my photo?' and I'm like 'Oh, fuck…' I'm so far past that now, I mean, I used to do that, and it doesn't work!"

and it's this black limited-edition Jaguar. I said, 'Can I drive?' So here I am, doing 110 down the Hollywood freeway with Dennis Hopper and he didn't give a fuck! It was classic."

From the outside, it's tempting to regard Ross as a tortured thrill-seeker, a dare-devil death junkie Icarus, flying ever closer to the sun. How else could he justify seeking out these higher and higher levels of adrenalising push-pulls in a war with nature and self? To a staid, landlubber like myself it seems irreconcilable. But a few hours spent tongue-wagging with the man makes it apparent the truth is much simpler and far more fun. "I really am doing it for a pure reason. It's not money, it's that I fucking love it!" The man is just really into big wave surfing.

As our time comes to an end, I mention that this is really my first article for the magazine, sort of a proving ground. "Well, we're either going to send you straight to the top, or get you fired!" Ross bellows good-naturedly. "So," I can practically hear him lean forward, "Do you want the story about Pamela Anderson or Gisele Bündchen?".

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WHEN did you first start taking photos?
I was first drawn to photography in 1995, while studying graphic design in my home city, Manizales in Spain. It wasn't until 2002, however, that I actually began work as a professional photographer.

What are your inspirations?
I like to photograph the female form. Women inspire me – especially those who end up conspiring with me, and becoming a sort of 'partner in crime'.

What advice do you have for aspiring photographers and models?
The first thing is that you enjoy and you're passionate about studying and experimenting with your craft. Along the way, you'll find qualities and ideas that will allow you to form your own style.

What's been your favourite location to shoot?
In the bed. It's the place where we are at our most intimate.

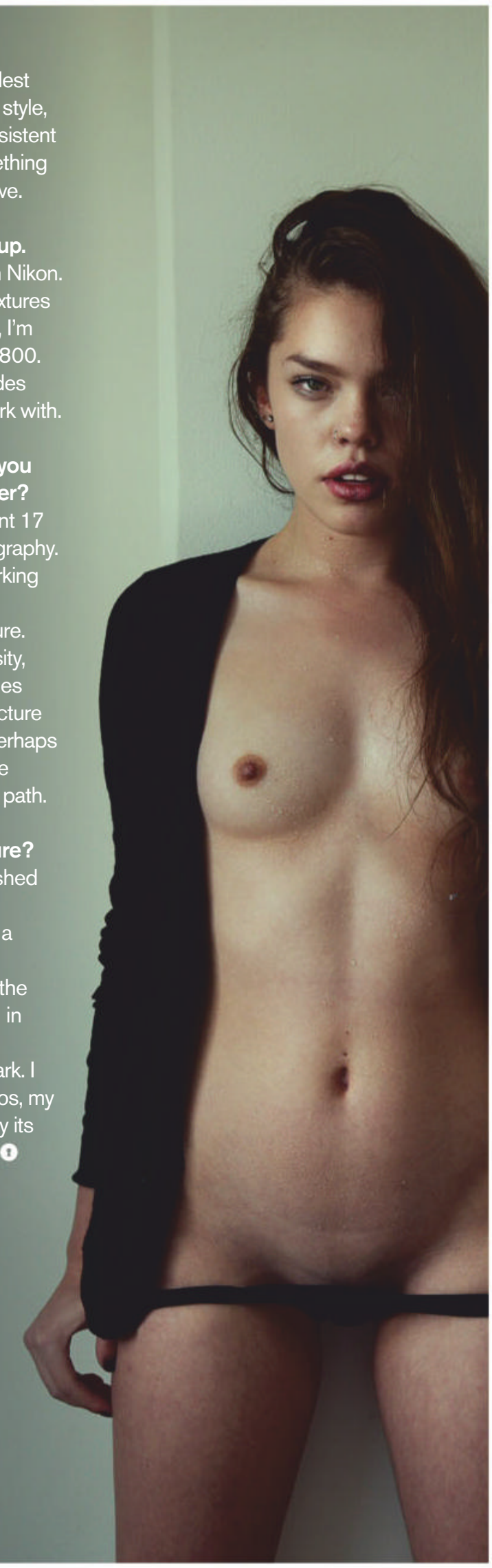
What's the story behind this shoot?
The majority of these shots aren't planned – they're spontaneous – derived from the situation and context of the moment. Most importantly, they are created in collaboration with the model.

What's the best part of your job? What's the hardest?
The best is how you can interpret your reality and capture it for the world to see as well as the connections you make with your subjects and audience. The hardest is developing your own style, and constructing a consistent message – this is something that takes time to achieve.

Tell us about your setup.
I've always worked with Nikon. I like their 'look'; their textures and colours. Right now, I'm working with a Nikon D800. It's a camera that provides everything I need to work with.

What would you be if you weren't a photographer?
It's hard to say, I've spent 17 years working in photography. I've always enjoyed working with my hands, making things of an artistic nature. Before I went to university, I had two options besides graphic design: architecture or industrial design – perhaps either of those may have provided me a different path.

Any goals for the future?
Four years ago, I published my first book, *Perfect Day*. Now, I'm working a new one, *In My Room*. It's a compilation of all the photographs I've taken in a bedroom.
My goal is to leave a mark. I don't 'retouch' my photos, my work is characterised by its organic, unedited look.



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SUITED UP

“A WELL-TAILORED SUIT IS TO WOMEN WHAT LINGERIE IS TO MEN”
– H.M. COLE

LET'S face it, men don't have a lot of options when it comes to clothing. Women on the other hand, have too much choice and access to far too many accessories (at this point, we are too scared to even ask what purpose a "chicken fillet" serves).

If there is one item of clothing a man should own, it's a perfectly fitting suit.

A well-tailored suit is a woman's kryptonite. Match a great suit with a sophisticated aftershave and you are set to make a good impression with the ladies before you even open your mouth.

Put your best foot forward by stocking your wardrobe with a few versatile classics that will see you through the office, races or even a wedding. Three well-cut stylish suits are the foundation of a capsule wardrobe for the man about town.

Australian label Calibre focuses on creating sharp looks for men. Their suiting is classic and purposeful. Calibre stock a great range of standard suit colours including black, navy, charcoal and grey, with the required fitted shirts to match.

Beyond a great suit, you're going to need some quality accessories to go with your get up. Let Calibre fit you from the feet up, including stocking you up with classy leather accessories. If dragging yourself from shop to shop isn't your idea of a good time, save time with one visit to Calibre. Just walk in and they will create a whole look just for you.

While the goods aren't the cheapest, the prices are extremely reasonable for the quality of the textiles and design.

Nothing screams tacky like a cheap shiny suit. Splurge on the good stuff from the start and you will get your money's worth over time while looking a million bucks.

Of course, the number one key to making your suit stand out in a room is to wear it with confidence.

CREDITS:
Photography: Tristan Brookes-Perrin
H&M: PV Hair and Make up
Models: Jordan Meany and Rachel Cunard
With thanks to Felix from 8 Hotels

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BY 8HOTELS

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LEFT: Jordan wears Calibre
Crew Neck Sweater $239
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Manhattan Notch Suit Pants $199
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"There's nothing like a beautiful set of lingerie to make women feel sexy and feminine; these under things evoke an overall boost of self-esteem much like a man wearing a custom, tailored suit."
– Marie Savvas, Founder of Palindrome.

RIGHT: Rachel wears Mia from Palindrome.
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WHEN SIZE MATTERS!

Let's face it, there's little space for colour when it comes to keeping your accessories classic. If you want to stand out with your tie, get it right.

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If you get this right from the start, you're half way there. Level the fat end of the tie with your belt line before you start tying.

Girth
The skinny tie works with any suit but looks most at home with a fitted, single-breasted suit in a solid colour.

The wide tie works best with patterns and at work. If you're a bigger build, this tie will look at home with your chest. Balance the width of your tie with the lapels of your suit and you can't go wrong. Out of style for some time, girth is making a comeback with tight knots being seen on runways and among well-known fashion influencers.

Style
Keep it out of your soup with a tie pin, and avoid character ties at all costs. When in doubt stick to solid, seasonal colours. Aristo Ties cater for all occasions with a mix of both cottons and silks in skinny, wide, pre-ties and loose bowties, all with matching pocket squares for added flair.

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GIFTING HER WITH LINGERIE

Buying lingerie for a lover can be a minefield. Too small and she'll be embarassed. Too big and you'll be in the doghouse for a week.

When buying for a new lover, follow these basic tips and you'll stay in the good books.

- Never buy lingerie for a woman you haven't seen naked. On your first shopping trip, buy what you know she wears. If you've never seen her in a G-string, pick a sexy brief.
- Choose something you think she would actually want to wear. Don't be directed by your own fantasies for your first gift. The idea is that you make her feel desirable so she will want to wear it for you and keep the lights on.
- Lingerie is a great way to guarantee foreplay. If she feels comfortable in what you bought her, it usually brings out the exhibitionist in the wearer.

- If you don't know her cup size, go for loungewear (as pictured above).
- Brands like Palindrome stock pieces that can be worn comfortably and incognito under clothing. Choose pieces like this and she might surprise you in unexpected places. After work drinks might get heated when she shows you a slip of lace.
- Avoid bulky and costumy outfits – they can only come out in the bedroom.
- If you get it right the first time, you can open dialogue about what type of lingerie she likes to wear and discuss what type of looks you would love to see her in.
- When in doubt, a gift voucher is always the best bet. Try Palindrome (*palindromestudio.com*), tell them *Penthouse* sent you.

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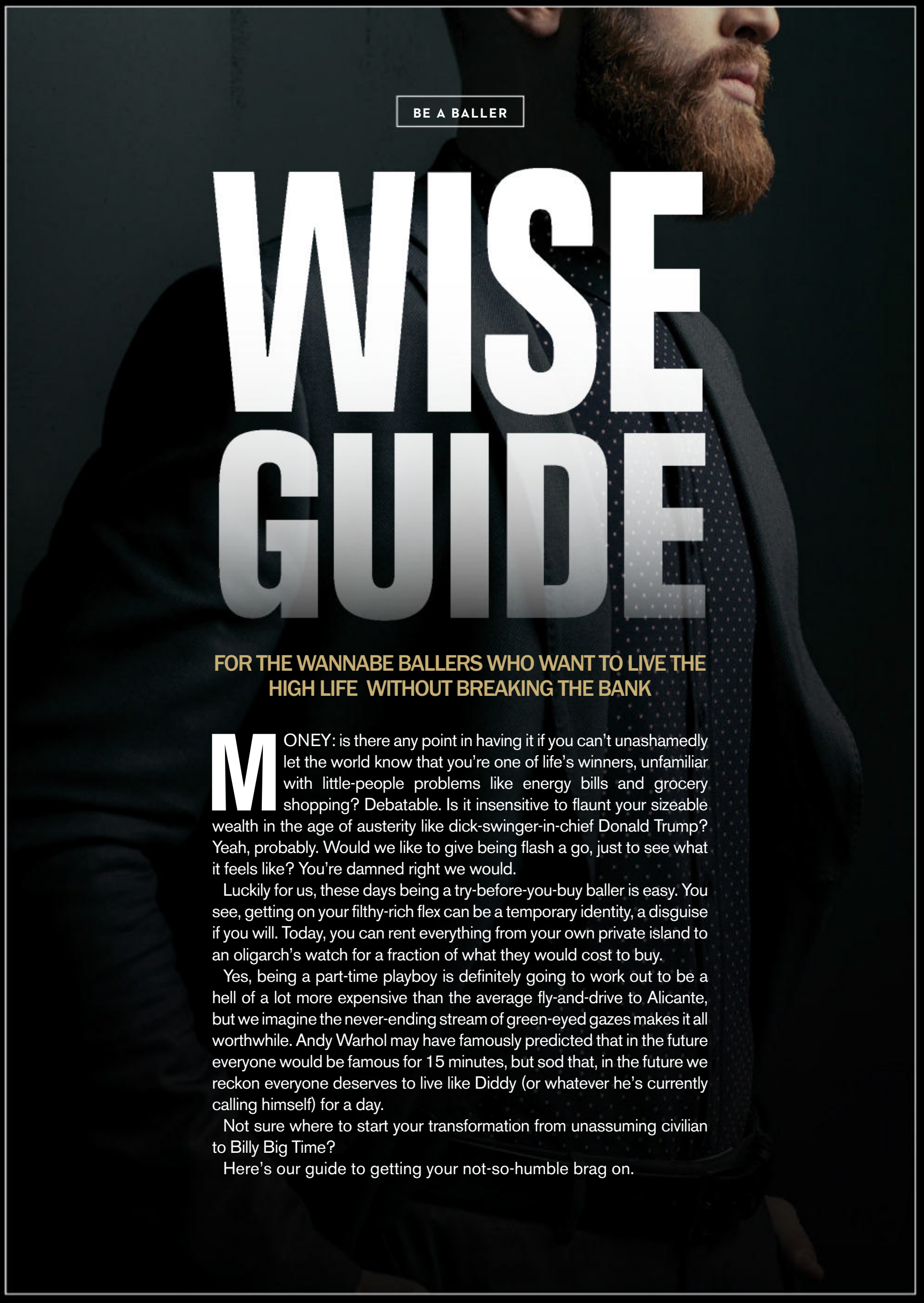

BE A BALLER

WISE GUIDE

FOR THE WANNABE BALLERS WHO WANT TO LIVE THE HIGH LIFE WITHOUT BREAKING THE BANK

MONEY: is there any point in having it if you can't unashamedly let the world know that you're one of life's winners, unfamiliar with little-people problems like energy bills and grocery shopping? Debatable. Is it insensitive to flaunt your sizeable wealth in the age of austerity like dick-swinger-in-chief Donald Trump? Yeah, probably. Would we like to give being flash a go, just to see what it feels like? You're damned right we would.

Luckily for us, these days being a try-before-you-buy baller is easy. You see, getting on your filthy-rich flex can be a temporary identity, a disguise if you will. Today, you can rent everything from your own private island to an oligarch's watch for a fraction of what they would cost to buy.

Yes, being a part-time playboy is definitely going to work out to be a hell of a lot more expensive than the average fly-and-drive to Alicante, but we imagine the never-ending stream of green-eyed gazes makes it all worthwhile. Andy Warhol may have famously predicted that in the future everyone would be famous for 15 minutes, but sod that, in the future we reckon everyone deserves to live like Diddy (or whatever he's currently calling himself) for a day.

Not sure where to start your transformation from unassuming civilian to Billy Big Time?

Here's our guide to getting your not-so-humble brag on.

BE A BALLER

THE CAR

A flash car may be the universally recognised symbol of a mid-life crisis, but for those blessed with bulging wallets they're a way to get from A to B while letting motorists and pedestrians alike know that you're a bona fide money magnet. Forget taking a sports car for a spin around a race track for a day, if you're going to put your pedal to the metal, you need to go public.

That's where luxury car rental service Turo steps in, bringing all of Uber's usability, while adding a catalogue of cars that make Jeremy Clarkson's garage look like a bingo hall car park. In the market for a Mercedes Benz S Class, a Jaguar F Type or a Lamborghini Gallardo? Take your pick, because they're all in the inventory.

Turo's communications director, Christin Di Scipio, says: "You can search by make and model, car hosts that offer delivery, even by colour. Our prices are also typically 35 per cent cheaper than traditional rental car companies, so you can book a Porsche or Tesla without breaking the bank." That's your ride for your high school reunion entrance sorted, then.

BE A BALLER

THE WATCH

WHEN the world needs to know that you've made it, there are few simpler ways to achieve peak big-timer than letting people see a Rolex. Sure, most owners probably don't have a clue about the complex horology that's gone into their expensive wrist decoration, but that's beside the point – a luxury watch is as close as you're going to get to conspicuously wearable money.

If you'd rather keep the lion's share of your house deposit savings where it is, you need only dip into them to get some serious wrist candy. High-end horology rental company Eleven James offers a luxury watch subscription service that is undoubtedly more exciting than getting a weekly delivery of health (rabbit) food to your desk.

For a more short-term arrangement (or for a special occasion or big meeting), London-based haute horology service Mr Woolfe also has plenty of pulse-quickening hunks of metal to rent without a subscription requirement.

Eleven James's CEO, Olivier Reza, says: "By providing our members access to a new timepiece every three months from brands like Audemars Piguet, IWC, Patek Philippe and Rolex, we're repositioning luxury to be based around exploration, experimentation and experience – free from the traditional barriers of ownership and commitment." By our calculations, that's four different megabucks watches per year, and when you're wearing them, nobody need know that beans on toast is the source of your sustenance.

8

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BE A BALLER

FOR THE LOVE OF WHISKY

TAKING THE WANK OUT OF WHISKY WITH PETE STEVENS FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S CABINET.

FOR the uninitiated, a bottle of Jack Daniels with the Amy Winehouse treatment (extra coke and ice) may be their sole experience of whisky. We're not judging. It's a bewildering world for newcomers, peppered with archaic slang, abstract Gaelic fonts and industrial processses straight out of the dark ages. The keepers of whisky lore don't mind retaining the mystique that surrounds the drink, leaving the rest of us scratching our heads.

That's where Pete Stevens, whisky expert and founder of the Gentleman's Cabinet whisky and cigar events agency comes in handy. He's been working with whisky since before he could legally get into a bar (there wasn't much else to do where he grew up, he says) and is more romantic about a good dram than anyone I've ever met. He's with me today to talk about his passion for one of the world's most famous tipples.

"Whisky for me is so much more than the liquid in the bottle," he says, as he drops a bottle of Hyde on to the table in front of us. "For me when you throw down a bottle of whisky with a mate and potentially throw them a cigar, it's not just the financial commitment. What it says when you sit down with a bottle and a cigar is 'here's an hour and a half of my time, let's just chat and connect.

"Whisky is counselling for men."

Our gracious host is The Doss House in Sydney's Rocks. It's the ideal location for a whisky tasting. The Chesterfield lounges, dim lighting and roughly hewn sandstone walls practically beg you to while away the day with a glass of Ireland's (or Scotland's or America's, Japan's or Australia's) finest.

Pete tells me after working for almost every major whisky label and distributor in the country, he chose to go off on his own and start the Gentleman's Cabinet. His inspiration for doing so goes beyond escaping the monotony of working for other people, though. He says whisky saved two of his friend's lives. When their relationships fell apart, it was a cigar and a bottle of good whisky that provided the basis for "connection and counselling with like-minded individuals". It's plain to see that Pete loves a good yarn, but he looks deadly serious when he tells me this. Even if he is exaggerating, by my second glass, I'm starting to believe it.

"The whole idea behind Gentleman's Cabinet was to get that message and give people the skills, knowledge and awareness so they can sit down with their mates and do exactly the same thing we did."

But what do you say to people who've sworn off the stuff, maybe after a bad early experience?

"I usually say to people who have that naysayer bullshit – what do you normally like to drink? It's super important because you have whisky that's been aged in ex-red wine barrels and Madeira casks, bourbon casks, sherry casks, port casks, there are mineral malts with heavy minerality in the water like a Scapa…" he cuts himself short, "I'm a big believer that there's a whisky for everyone".

I start to tackle him on some of the pervading whisky myths. First, age. How

DRINKING MENU

Hyde No. 6 President's Reserve

Nose: Vanilla, caramel and oak notes, with a background of incense and nutmeg.

Mouth: Smooth, medium bodied. Cereal notes mix with light spice and heat. Faint notes of coffee and chocolate.

Hyde No. 3 The Aras Cask Irish Whiskey

Nose: Cinnamon and clove with succulent sweet caramel flavours. American bourbon notes.

Mouth: Single grain spices with a touch of cracked pepper. Buttery vanilla and charred oak flavours fight their way to the fore.

Shelter Point Canadian Single Malt

Nose: Fruit and floral notes with some chocolate.

Mouth: Good spice with barrel sweetness. Corn syrup flavours along with orange and oatmeal.

Shelter Point Montfort District Lot 141 Single Grain Whiskey

Nose: Quince and almond notes, green citrus and a wash of plum.

Mouth: Tin fruits in syrup with light citrus notes and a floral finish.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TRISTAIN BROOKS-PERRIN

“IT’S ABOUT GOING ON A JOURNEY. YOU FIND ENOUGH FAMILIARITY THAT THEY’RE COMFORTABLE AND ENOUGH ORIGINALITY TO CHALLENGE THEM A LITTLE TO START THAT JOURNEY.”

old does it have to be before I should take a whisky seriously?

“Older isn’t better,” he states bluntly. “Whisky is so diverse and people don’t realise. It’s about dispelling the myth behind it so you’re not just picking the prettiest bottle or the highest age statement for the dollars.”

We get to talking about Johnny Walker’s recent “Jane Walker” campaign – a marketing initiative in celebration of International Women’s Day. Its chief goal was publicity, of course, but also to recognise women’s contribution to the famous drink.

Do you think there’s a perception that whisky is a man’s drink, I ask?

“Whisky is for everyone.”

“When I started Gentleman’s Cabinet we had two per cent female attendees, and now we’re sitting at about 30 per cent. That’s in four years.

“It’s about going on a journey. You find enough familiarity that they’re comfortable and enough originality to challenge them a little to start that journey.”

We finish up the afternoon with another tasting glass of Shelter Point Canadian Single Malt. I ask Pete for some quick and dirty whisky dos and don’ts. “Do, try it neat first and do add water to taste,” he begins. “Don’t whack ice in something super expensive – buy cheaper whisky,” he continues. “Don’t walk into a bar and order a Japanese whisky because it makes you feel worldly, like a 25-year-old finance f*ckwit. Do know what’s in the glass and why you like it.” And finally, “Do invest time in learning about whisky, and *do* buy a bottle, and start your journey today.”

TO E OR NOT TO E?

The different spelling of whisk(e)y, with an e and without, comes from variations in Irish and Scottish Gaelic. The Scots don’t include the e, while the Irish do. Early migrants from the Emerald Isles brought their version of the word with them to the United States in the 1700s, where it was adopted as the industry standard.

WHISKY PETE’S FOUR STEPS TO DRINKING WHISKY

STEP 1.

Roll the whisky around the outside of your glass. The longer it takes to form drips down the side, the more ‘legs’ it has – this is a measure of viscosity. “Non-chill filter whisky like Hyde is thicker and more viscous, which means you taste the flavour for longer.”

STEP 2.

Nosing your whisky. Place the glass under your nose and take some time to appreciate the aroma before you drink it. “You’ll get something different out of it each time. Start with the lighter citrusy notes, then go to caramel and toffee, then I hit the stone fruit characteristics like plums and peaches. Each time you go to it, you get something deeper and richer.”

STEP 3.

“The first sip isn’t your first sip. It’s about palate preparation. Take the first sip and we’ll roll it around in the mouth and coat everything. Gums, roof of the mouth, under the tongue – everything. Keep it in for about 20 seconds – think less violent mouth wash.”

STEP 4.

“Generally wait about a minute and then take your second sip – this is your real first sip. Focus on how much more expansive and complex it tastes.”

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FEATURE SHOOT

SEX APPEAL

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IT'S pretty obvious why Bluebell was our pick for *Penthouse*'s Sex Issue cover. The 24-year-old British stunner oozes sex appeal. In the short time Bluebell's been modelling, she's already helmed commercials for Aston Martin and Rankin S&X Women, to name a few. When asked if she's ever used her good looks opportunistically, Bluebell replied, "Oh yes, all the time."

What did you do for work before you were a model?
I was at university studying fashion promotion, but I did a load of random jobs throughout my time there. I worked in a bakery, checking orders in a factory, waitressing and retail... I wasn't fussy. I just wanted the money to travel!

How did you get 'discovered'?
Years ago I tagged a small agency in Manchester, where I was living at the time, in one of my Instagram photos, and they became my first agency. A few months later, I was scouted at a party by a bigger agency, and that's when things started taking off.

Has there been a moment during your modelling career when you realised your life had changed?
I have those moments very regularly; modelling is such a mixed bag. One day you can feel like your career is over and you're washed up and the next you feel top of your game.

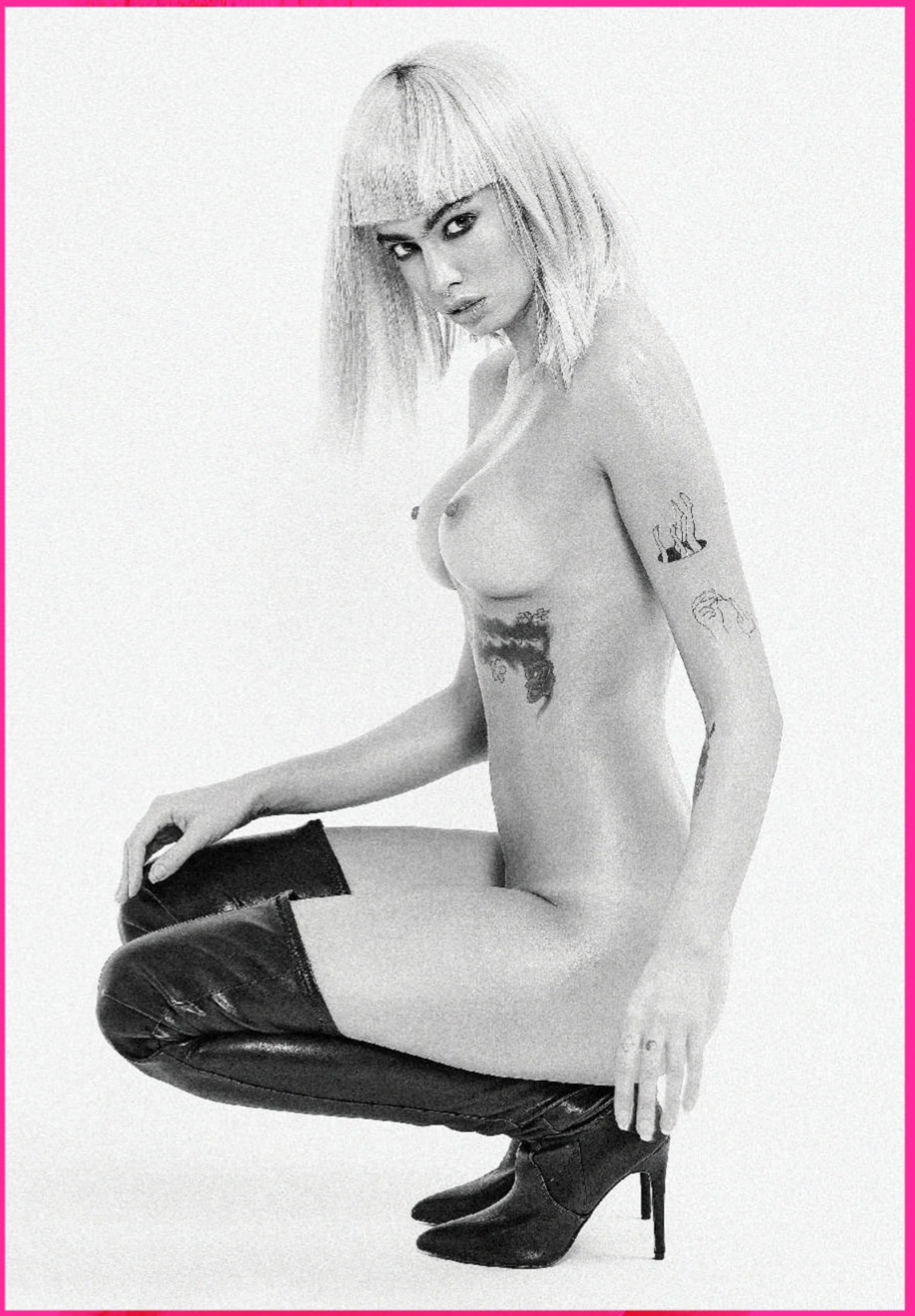
Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll... is modelling as glamorous as it looks?
I definitely have crazy stories about all those things, but as a whole, it's nowhere near as glam. There's too much admin for it to be glam; too much stuff to keep on top of when you're a self-employed model.

What was it like shooting for *Penthouse*?
So much fun! Adam and I are good mates and shoot regularly together. Loved the vibe. I'm actually a brunette that desperately wants to be blonde, but my agencies won't let me, so I was massively in favour of the wig.

Who do you think the is greatest fashion photographer?
It's pretty hard to find one that hasn't been accused of sexual harrassment now to be honest, but I love Juergen Teller.

What have been some of your modelling career highlights?
Shooting an Aston Martin commercial and having a stunt double, shooting in the *Harry Potter* studio, anything where you travel somewhere hot and there's lots of free time and a hotel pool...

What's been your most memorable modelling job?
I shot a girl on girl perfume commercial for Rankin S&X women, which was a lot of fun. I've never done anything as intense as that before and I love challenging myself. After eight hours of rolling around with a girl, I did realise that I'm definitely 100 percent straight though... did nothing for me!



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FEATURE

SIN CITY

A WEEKEND GONE AWRY IN PATTAYA, THE 'SEX CAPITAL OF THE WORLD'.

BY IAN LLOYD NEUBAUER

RUBBISH-STREWN beaches. Grown men brawling on the street. Foreign gangs and real-estate scams. Transsexual pickpockets and endless traffic jams. Beggars hanging outside McDonald's restaurants and the thick scent of sewerage hanging in the air.

Welcome to Pattaya, a resort city on the Gulf of Thailand, 150km south of Bangkok with more hotels than Singapore that draws in a whopping 10 million foreign visitors every year – more than Australia and Fiji combined.

So what's the attraction? Why would anyone go there?

Sex, that's why.

Sex and its commodification on a size and scale larger than anything that has ever been seen before.

EVERY NIGHT, around 30,000 sex workers from Thailand's dirt-poor northeast, Cambodia and Laos stream into Pattaya's mean streets to sell their bodies for as little as AU$20. Combined with the Thai's famous tolerance and police complicity, it has turned Pattaya – a string of fishing villages that first boomed in the 1960s as an R&R destination for US troops during the Vietnam War – into the 'sex capital of the world'.

Pattaya is regularly in the news for all the wrong reasons: bashings, paedophile rings and gangland killings. But what's it like for the average tourist who simply wants to take a walk on the wild side in Pattaya? Is it 'dangerous'? Is there really sex on tap? I caught a bus down from Bangkok for the weekend to find out.

WELCOME TO PATTAYA

No one fucking says welcome to Pattaya at the bus station. It's stinking hot. I'm soaked in sweat. Taxi drivers refuse to use their meters, quoting astronomical fares. To avoid getting ripped off I jump on a *songthaew* – a covered ute with two rows of seats in the back and Pattaya's answer to public transport.

Soon after getting on I wish I hadn't, for it fills with pasty-skinned, sandy-haired, funny-looking Russians who spend the next half hour yelling shit at each other in Russian right in front of my face. And every time our driver comes to a stop, the lathery, warm bingo-wings of the fat Russian woman sitting next to me slap me on the shoulder.

Russians. Goddamned bogans of the world. They started arriving in Pattaya in droves after the fall of the Soviet Union, direct from Moscow on charter planes to U-Tapao Airport, a former US Air Force base, 60km to the south. They opened Russian restaurants, Russian condos and Russian clubs. Russian girls followed, so did the Russian mob. The same week I arrived in Pattaya, news sites reported Pattaya police had arrested a group of Russian sex 'students' who paid thousands of dollars to attend a 'sex-training' class. Ten Russian 'tutors' were also arrested and charged with working in Thailand without a permit. The story was accompanied by a heavily pixelated video clip that shows Thai policemen entering a room where a woman with long black hair is being double ended by a couple of guys in a spa bath.

After checking into my hotel, I shower, grab some fresh clothes and hit the streets. Within 30 seconds of exiting the lobby I receive offers for sex from a group of Thai women in tight red dresses loitering in front of a massage joint. "Is this a massage block?" I say, wriggling past the sea of groping hands. "Massage your cock!" one of them says. Everyone laughs.

Pattaya is grimy and petrol-stained but at the same time alluring and enticing. Every square inch of footpath is crammed with vendors selling everything from fried chicken, to banana pancakes, to dildos, to $20 Rolex knock-offs. I see a Thai man in a long white coat standing outside a teeth-whitening clinic smoking a cigarette. Thais are generally upbeat. Yet this guy, like so many Pattayans, looks exhausted, as though he woke up one day, looked around and said, 'What the fuck happened to this place?' before resigning himself to progress.

The *farangs* or foreigners of Pattaya are an eclectic bunch. On top of Russians, there are legions of Indians and plenty of what Australian police would describe as 'men of Middle Eastern appearance'. But it's the dirty old white men who stand out the most, walking around hand-in-hand with Thai women a third of their age and half their size. They are not sex-tourists but 'sexpats' – Western men who somehow convinced themselves the solution to their lifelong love woes was a submissive Asian woman. But things don't always work out so well. Some sexpats will go home with significantly fewer savings. Others will dig their heels deeper into Thai soil and fall one step further down the evolutionary ladder: the dreaded 'deathpat'. I see thousands of these old curmudgeons drinking their disappointment away in Pattaya's 1,000-odd bars. They sit in small groups of three or four, barely talking, nursing beer after beer after beer. Some have even brought their Western wives along – leather-skinned chain-smokers who look like trophies from another age. As one sexpat's wife laments on the Pattaya Daily News' chatroom: "I am also here with my husband, I am so glad he keeps me around. I am too fat and ugly for him to make love to anymore so I understand that he has needs, it is annoying having to listen to him from the next room."

"IS THIS A MASSAGE BLOCK?" I SAY, WRIGGLING PAST THE SEA OF GROPING HANDS. "MASSAGE YOUR COCK!" ONE OF THEM SAYS. EVERYONE LAUGHS.

ABANDON ALL HOPE

I grab a burger at McDonald's, of which there are also legions in Pattaya. To digest the slug, I walk all the way to Walking Street, the epicentre of Pattaya's multibillion-dollar sex industry – a kilometre-long neon-lit pedestrian mall for prostitution, which, by the way, not that anyone seems to give a shit, is illegal in Thailand.

As I stand under Walking Street's domed archway, a river of Chinese package tourists five people thick led by a single guide holding a pennant pour around me like lemmings. They appear to have no interest in engaging sex workers, only in photographing them – much to the disapproval of a row of Thai chicks in bondage gear who yell "no photo" at the Chinese as they cascade by. But the Chinese don't give a fuck and redouble their efforts.

Walking Street really is the United Nations of perverts. I see Japanese, Koreans, Russians, Chinese, Turkish, Nigerians, Saudis, Aussies, Americans, Swedes, Poms – dirty old men sniffing, shopping, picking, alone. The Indians in contrast hunt in packs. It's not unusual to see six or seven of them standing around a sex-worker deep in conversation.

I'm offered drugs: marijuana, ecstasy, cocaine. I'm accosted

Ruby Club
Sol 6, Pattaya
Bar & Guest House
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Butterfly Bar
Lisa
Bar 3
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ROOM FOR RENT
The
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by two crazy Russian girls who try to drag me into a bar called Crazy Russian Girls. And I am astounded by Russian family men who reckon Walking Street is a suitable place to take the wife and kids out for some ice-cream on a Friday night.

"Come inside, mister, sexy show," say spruikers as I weave and bob my way around their octopus-like grips. Other times they shake laminated A3 colour photos of nude Asian girls in bubble baths in front of my face or menus offering "Pussy Drink Coke Show" and "Pussy Firecracker Show".

When I finally succumb to a random solicitation, I find myself inside a dimly lit go-go bar. Half a dozen short, fat strippers with hairy vaginas shuffle unenthusiastically to cheesy pop music on a stage. A bunch of dirty old white men sit around the girls, nursing their beers and whatnot. I walk to the back to find a place I can sit alone but instead find a plus-size stripper naked on a couch, two enormous milky breasts rolling down her chest like the contours of a hill. Only then do I notice she is jerking off two dirty old men sitting on either side of her. She shoots me a crooked grin. I get the fuck out of there as fast as I can.

Back outside, the talent isn't much better. The girls of Walking Street rate between one and five out of 10. Drinking doesn't soften my opinion; it steels it. The only semi-decent looking girls on the entire strip are not even girls, but Jessica Rabbit-like ladyboys with their gravity-defying tits. The ladyboys of Walking Street are said to be not only practiced impersonators but also practiced thieves. If they see a really drunk guy they will sometimes mob him, flash their tits, distract him, pinch his phone, pinch his wallet and send him on his way.

Later in the evening, I'm at a bar when I meet a bloke I'll call Tom from the Hunter Valley of NSW. Tom has come to Pattaya every year for the past 17 years. "I've got yellow fever," he says. "My dad's second wife is from Thailand so I must've inherited it."

One of Tom's mates rocks up, a bloke I'll call Jerry. Jerry has a story to tell about what went down in the Jacuzzi last night. There were five guys and five girls, the girls were in the middle and the guys were sitting on the edge, and the girls went around in circles blowing one guy after the other. "I was like, pulling this chick off whatshisname's cock and pushing her head on to mine," Jerry recalls, slapping me across the back.

At 2am I call it quits. The last person to offer me sex this evening is a grandmother in a raggedy old tank top standing in front of a 7-Eleven near my hotel.

POISONED TWICE IN ONE NIGHT

At around midday the next day, I rush to the bathroom and vomit violently. This is no normal hangover. It's alcohol poisoning. The last time I got it was in Bali 20 years ago when I bought a bottle of cheap 'vodka' at a BBQ joint on the street. On that occasion, one could say I hadn't taken adequate precautions. This time I thought I had. I thought I had purchased premium spirits and mixers at licensed venues at one of Thailand's most popular tourism destinations. But what I was really buying was dirt-cheap moonshine. And instead of buying ice most bars in Thailand and some of the bars on Walking Street are making it on-site using bacteria-rich Thai tap water. I know this because I am now leaking at both ends. And I thought I was going to be the one doing the fucking in Pattaya.

The vomiting ends after an hour or so, but the diarrhoea persists well into the afternoon. When I can take no more, I crawl out of bed and drag my sorry arse to a chemist and buy some charcoal tablets. I take three times the prescribed dose and feel better almost immediately. So, instead of going back to my hotel, I head to the promenade on Beach Road and find a shady spot under a tree to watch the sunset.

I peer down the coast, at the tall white buildings piercing a blood-orange sky. If I could somehow block out the sound of techno music thumping out from a bar across the road, and somehow also block out the stench of uncollected rubbish, I might for a second think I was on a nice beach somewhere. "This sure is a beautiful place," comment a couple from Tehran sitting next to me.

To be fair, there's a lot more to do in Pattaya than boozing and whoring. The street-food scene is fantastic – a microcosm of Bangkok's. If you're into golf, there are 19 courses within 40 minutes' drive of the city. Into diving or fishing? There are dozens of offshore islands to explore. Got a pack of nagging kids to entertain? Pattaya has water parks, theme parks, an aquarium, temples, museums, cabaret shows (with transgender performers), an international beauty pageant (also for transgenders), a tiger zoo and an elephant village where a tour guide was unfortunately trampled to death in December after a Chinese tourist pulled the animal's tale. "Pattaya is whatever you want it to be," says Matt Carrell, a British author living in Pattaya.

TOM HAS COME TO PATTAYA EVERY YEAR FOR THE PAST 17 YEARS. "I'VE GOT YELLOW FEVER," HE SAYS. "MY DAD'S SECOND WIFE IS FROM THAILAND SO I MUST'VE INHERITED IT."

As I walk back to my hotel, I see a Thai woman sitting on an older man's lap. He says something to her, she laughs, throws her arms around him and gives him a big sloppy kiss. It makes me think back to my conversation with Tom from last night, when in a moment of candour, he admitted to me that

women in Australia just look right through him. If it weren't for his dalliances in Pattaya, he'd have "fuck all to look forward to in life," he said.

Like it or hate it, sex-tourism puts food on the table for millions of people in Thailand – people like Apple, one of thousands of middle-aged freelancers working the promenade on Beach Road. Before she came to Pattaya, Apple was a waitress near her home in Thailand's northeast. She earned 15,000 Baht (AU$300) a month – $10 a day. Now Apple earns 2,000 Baht ($80) for sex but she has not had a client for two days and is keen to strike a deal: "Do you want to play pool? If you win, you win me and not money. I say welcome, come with me please for my Buddha, buy me a drink, you help me when you die, you go up, your God," she says, pointing to heaven. "If you help me for one drink, when you die, for your future, you will be OK."

Now I've heard a lot of weird shit over the years. But never before have I been told I'll go to heaven for fucking a prostitute in a third-world country.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT SOM

Early the next morning, I catch a songthaew to Jomtien Beach, 3km south of Pattaya. A residential area with high-rise condos and rows of colourful umbrellas in the sand, Jomtien looks like Waikiki from a distance. But when I get closer, I see it's more like a rusted, rundown facsimile of Miami circa-1950s. The Westerners who live here or holiday on Jomtien are downright retrogrades. At 10am I see a fat old drunk in speedos run out of a bar and chase a coin down the street with his bum crack showing. "Got it!" he yells in a thick Cockney accent. Three old bar-girls who watched the whole thing roar with approval when the fat fuck returns to their bar with treasure in hand, as though he'd just fucking won gold for Thailand at the Olympics.

On Jomtien's northern end, I find the enormous Pattaya Park Resort, a relic from the 1980s with a 240m tall observation tower that doubles as a jumping tower and old candy-coloured waterslides that shoot holidaymakers into a giant lukewarm whirlpool full of kids pissing in their swimsuits. From there, I walk up a steep street lined by Russian restaurants and Russian real-estate agencies where a tall woman with Slavic features hands me a pamphlet for City Garden Towers, an off-the-plan condominium where I can buy my dream home for only 1.4 million Baht (AU$60,000). But a fresh report by local news site *Pattaya One* urges caution: "More than 100 Thai and foreign investors are still waiting for the return of money after one of Pattaya's biggest and most luxurious condo projects has gone bust. All building has stopped at Centara Grand Residence in Jomtien as the company building the project has said that debts of more than 911,000,000 baht have been racked up."

I continue to Wat Phra Yai, a temple with a giant golden Buddha statue and staircase flanked by dragons. The 360-degree view of Pattaya – a calamity of white apartment buildings marching down the coast and into the hills – is impressive.

That evening I return to Walking Street and do it all over again, this time without the drink. Everything is clearer but much the same: clammy, desperate, cliched. But this night ends slightly differently. I am at a chicken stall a few blocks behind Walking Street when I meet Som, a pretty girl with elegant slim shoulders and honey-coloured skin. Som wants to fuck me for 1,000 Baht (AU$40).

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"Do you like your job?"

"I don't know... I don't like it."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Because I am unlucky in life."

"Could you work anywhere else?"

"I don't know. I never tried."

My food arrives. Chicken biryani. I share it with Som. It's good so we order another, followed by mango sticky rice for dessert. Som is cool. She doesn't take herself seriously and is a good laugh. In short time, she wears down my defences.

On the way to my hotel, we stop at a 7-Eleven to load up with drinks, smokes, condoms and whatnot. We're at the counter, I'm right behind Som, standing only centimetres from her shoulders, when an uneasy thought enters my head.

THIS NIGHT ENDS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENTLY. I AM AT A CHICKEN STALL A FEW BLOCKS BEHIND WALKING STREET WHEN I MEET SOM, A PRETTY GIRL WITH ELEGANT SLIM SHOULDERS AND HONEY-COLOURED SKIN. SOM WANTS TO FUCK ME FOR 1,000 BAHT (AU$40).

I ask Som if she is *katoy* (a gay man).

Som is not impressed, turns around and points at her crotch. "Pussy!" she says. "You want to see?"

Som goes to hitch her dress up right in front of the check-out chick but I stop her. I finish paying and we walk out, in silence.

"Because if you are a ladyboy," I say moments later, "The deal is off. You need to be truthful with me."

Som throws her hands up in the air. "OK you want to see?" she says, pointing to her crotch. "I show you!"

"No! Just be honest," I say, scanning her neck for an Adam's apple. There's no sign of one. Am I being paranoid? I must be. Have I been in Thailand too long? Probably. Then I look at Som's feet. She doesn't have the dainty toes of a lady. Som has the short stubby toes of a man.

I walk off alone weighed down by Som's indifference, overpriced shit from 7-Eleven that'll end up in the bin and the opening monologue of *Watchmen*, a dystopian thriller about superheroes gone rogue: "This city is afraid of me. I have seen its true face. The streets are extended gutters and the gutters are full of blood and when the drains finally scab over, all the vermin will drown. The accumulated filth of all their sex and murder will foam up about their waists and all the whores and politicians will look up and shout 'Save us!'... and I'll whisper 'no'."

LUCIFER
DISKO
TK
GINZA
THE GLASS HOUSE
A GO GO
SENSATION
A-GO-GO
Bar
GLASS

SMOOTH, ELEGANT, AUSTRALIAN;

STRAIT, FROM TASMANIA

INTERNATIONAL AWARD-WINNING SPIRITS SINCE 2006

BOTTLED AT SOURCE IN 2018

SEX/LIFE

DON'T DISS MY ABILITY

SEX WORKERS are a diverse bunch. It's the 'oldest profession in the world'. It shouldn't be surprising that for every man and woman involved in the industry, there are an equally abundant number of motivations, stories, experiences and perspectives. No one's pretending like it's a regular nine to five job. But it's an important one.

Consider Jessica Bardot. A professional sex worker who assists people with disabilities.

"I really want to allow my client their dignity," she says. "When I was 17, I broke my neck and I was in halo traction for six months. I had to rely on other people to wash me, cloth me and to go to the toilet. I had to learn to walk again… I know what it feels like to not be able to do the small things that we take for granted every day."

Mathew is one of her clients. "Mathew was nearly 8 years old when he had haemorrhaging of the brain after a tonsillectomy," Jessica explains. "He went into cardiac arrest for 15 minutes which resulted in a hypoxic brain injury." His mum and dad were the ones who made the initial contact, deciding that after missing out on so much already, he didn't need to forgo the important affection and intimacy afforded by sexual contact.

These are real-life stories that aren't scandal-laden or sufficiently lurid to make headlines. These are the stories that don't get told.

Jessica acknowledges there still remains a stigma surrounding sex work, and the added element of working with disabilities can complicate matters more. Her commitment is unwavering, however. "Everyone, regardless of being abled or disabled deserves to have intimacy, affection and connection in their lives."

And the stigma is slowly receding. Mathew's dad tell us that 99 percent of the friends he's told about their arrangement are totally on board. "We tell people that his personal carer helps to get his tyres rotated," and "a monthly grease and oil change," he adds cheekily.

She doesn't turn up to the house "glammed-up" either, intentionally arriving to her dates with Mathew under-dressed so as not to draw attention from nosy-neighbours. Even though acceptance of sex work is on the rise, there are still those who would cast a judgemental eye on their special arrangement.

Jessica knows one other sex worker who provides services similar to hers. They aren't anomalies, though. Touching Base is a Sydney-based non-for-profit that maintain a referrals list of sex workers that provide specialised services for people with disabilities. According to their website, they also provide training workshops tailored to disability service providers, as well as generally focus on "issues of access, discrimination, human rights, legal issues and the attitudinal barriers that the two marginalised communities can face".

Among the media portrayals that conjure images of seedy back alley brothels, fishnet stockings and women in dangerously high stiletto heels leaning into cars, it's near impossible for the majority of the public to have an accurate understanding of what a varied field sex work can be – and importantly – the unique service it provides for people from all kinds of different backgrounds. Mathew's parents sum it up: "Everyone has the right to intimacy, connection and affection. It's difficult to change people's perception if they've never lived with someone with a disability. If we can change one person's perception through this article, then that's a great start."

Mathew sadly passed away on 26 May, 2018, just after the writing of this story. We are publishing it with the permission and support of his loving parents.

- SEAN BRUCE

Google

COLUMN

GOOGLE PLAYED POLITICS AND LOST

THE TECH GIANT'S ATTEMPT TO APPEAR POLITICALLY CORRECT IS DESTROYING ITS COMPANY CULTURE FROM THE INSIDE OUT.
BY CLAIRE LEHMANN

EARLIER this year, author of the infamous Google Memo, James Damore, together with Harmeet Dhillon, a female Republican lawyer, brought a class action against the internet giant, accusing the company of discriminating against white men in particular, and conservatives in general. Within the same month, lawyers representing women who worked at Google brought a revised class action lawsuit to court, making the claim that female Googlers were, and still are, routinely paid less, assigned to lower positions and promoted less often than the men in the company.

The company is thus facing legal action from both ends of the political spectrum: progressive feminists and a Republican representing white males. It's hard to say what the outcome of these two lawsuits will be at this stage. Google will surely put up a formidable defence on both fronts, while leaders of other large organisations – both inside Silicon Valley and outside – will be watching intently. While the internet behemoth has pockets deep enough to absorb such legal costs, the public relations fall out will be damaging. Each time a new piece of evidence hits the headlines, the company looks more like a dysfunctional soap opera than a dynamic tech innovator.

As of February 2018, Damore's complaint against the internet giant consisted of an 87-page long expose featuring countless screenshots from internal message boards, which employees used to communicate with each other. This communication, it is alleged, is evidence of widespread prejudice towards white males and conservatives within the organisation.

Of course, these screenshots present a 'cherry-picked' view; the snippets don't give the bigger picture of staff communication, which for the most part is likely mundane and reasonable. Nevertheless, the snippets that *are* shown present a salacious picture of unprofessional behaviour and a culture of normalised intolerance.

On white men, one Google employee writes that they "already have all the advantages in the world" (Complaint 40) and that "It's not sexism/racism if it's against males/whites" (Exhibit 76). Another shares their opinion: "By being a white male, you *are* in a privileged class that is actively harmful to others, whether you like it or not. So, no, you really actually don't get to complain about your right to an opinion" (Exhibit 53). Another employee comments, "The only way we 'move past color' in America is for white people to shut up and listen" (Exhibit 47). Terms frequently used in communications included "mansplaining" (Exhibit 74) "whitesplaining" (Exhibit 58), "white fragility" (Exhibit 59), "white tears" (Exhibit 85), and "toxic whiteness" (Exhibit 61).

"BY BEING A WHITE MALE, YOU *ARE* IN A PRIVILEGED CLASS, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT. SO, NO, YOU REALLY ACTUALLY DON'T GET TO COMPLAIN ABOUT YOUR RIGHT TO AN OPINION"

It used to be that corporations would go to great lengths to avoid being seen as politicised to the public, the reasoning being obvious: if you take a political stance, you are likely to alienate potential customers. But things have changed – particularly within the United States. Companies now engage in flamboyant virtue-signalling to attract certain markets and offset their image of greedy corporations. Google has long been accused of tax avoidance, privacy breaches and other kinds of unethical behaviour. To compensate for this, it

appears that they have turned up the dial on their commitment to “social justice”.

When the company was founded by Sergey Brin and Larry Page, Google’s mission statement was “to organise the world’s information and make it universally accessible and useful”. Their unofficial motto was “don’t be evil,” which later became an official motto of “do the right thing”. In recent years the company has increasingly aligned itself with social justice and progressive values in the public sphere. How much of this signalling is sincere, and how much is confected is up for debate. But what is clear, is that for some staff within the organisation, these commitments to social justice have not yet gone far enough.

In the lawsuit filed against Google claiming discrimination against women, three former Google employees: Kelly Ellis, Holly Pease and Kelli Wisuri, accused the company of systematically paying women less than men. It has been reported that in coming to their view they compiled a spreadsheet of confidential information – other employees’ salaries – comparing rates of their colleagues by gender. This spreadsheet ended up being leaked to the press, and was parodied by the satirical site *The Onion*, in a piece entitled: “Google Now Giving Female Employees a Free Day Each Week to Work on Lawsuits.”

One of the complainants, Kelly Ellis, has alleged that she left the company because of its “sexist culture,” and has tweeted about being sexually harassed by male staff. Her accounts of being harassed include an engineering director telling her that it was “taking all of [his] self-control not to grab your ass right now,” another staff member telling her that “You look amazing in that bathing suit, like a rockstar,” and overhearing a male staff member say to another, “Doesn’t Kelly look amazing heh, heh.”

In January, the women’s lawsuit was thrown out by a (female) judge for being too vague. The judge intimated that while the discrepancies in pay were there, the complaint did not adequately prove that the male and female employees were doing the same work, and so discrimination could not be proven. The women have said that they will be “rebooting” their accusations, returning to court with the required evidence; meanwhile, newspapers around the world run headlines which scream: “Google Sued for Gender Discrimination”.

The unfolding Google drama should be seen as a cautionary lesson about what can happen when a company lets identity politics through its doors. Identity politics: the tendency of people to form political alliances according to their membership to a group based on race, gender, sexuality or disability, as opposed to shared principles, is corrosive to a large corporate organisation, because it exaggerates what psychologists call our in-group/out-group biases, sabotaging team spirit in the process.

Psychologists explain it like this: human beings have evolved to operate in tribes and have learned to be somewhat wary of those who come from different tribes. In experiments conducted in the 1970s, psychologists found that positive feelings towards one’s in-group and negative feelings towards an out-group were easily activated and easily maintained. The human predilection towards tribalism appears universal and instinctive.

In a famous experiment called the Minimal Group Paradigm, schoolboys were assigned to two different groups according to whether they preferred the abstract paintings of Klimt, or the abstract paintings of Klee. When they were pitted against each other in a series of games, they consistently favoured members of their own group, and consistently competed against members of the out-group, despite the fact that the distinction between them was completely arbitrary. Further experiments have found that this in-group/out-group bias can be activated as something as simple as a coin toss.

What this means for the workplace is that policies and initiatives that are designed to improve ‘diversity’ can end up backfiring on a company, because they can activate this in-group/out-group bias.

Programs that are well-intentioned can actually cause more harm than good if they are implemented without sensitivity to whether or not people feel as if they pit against each other in little mini-tribes. Such programs can include “implicit bias training,” which is now being blamed for causing “backfire effects” within workplaces. And this training, which is based on a test which is in its own right controversial (many psychologists argue that it does not measure actual bias) was implemented by Google across its entire workforce in 2013.

THE UNFOLDING GOOGLE DRAMA SHOULD BE SEEN AS A CAUTIONARY LESSON ABOUT WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN A COMPANY LETS IDENTITY POLITICS THROUGH ITS DOORS.

Around five years ago, Google rolled out its unconscious bias training – inspired by the disputed Implicit Association Test (IAT) – to its entire workforce of 60,000 people. It consisted of a presentation that lasted between 60 and 90 minutes. The presentation began with slides explaining that implicit bias was natural: it was in all of us, and we were born with it, because the human brain evolved to be efficient and take shortcuts. The presentation gently explained that unfortunately some of these shortcuts were bad and had unwanted effects in the workplace. The slides then proceeded to state:

“Even a tiny bit of bias can have big consequences.”

And:

“Companies with higher proportions of women board directors outperform others by 53 per cent”.

Since Google rolled out this training, its effectiveness has been disputed. For example, a large systemic review conducted in 2016, and published in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology* found that implicit bias training had no lasting effect at all. Another large 2017 meta-analysis (yet to be published) found that while “implicit bias is malleable,” any change in implicit bias “does not necessarily lead to

JAMES DAMORE

changes in explicit bias or behaviour".

What this training does do, however, is bring skin colour and gender identity to the fore. It increases people's awareness of their identity as "male" or "female" or "white or "black" thereby creating an in-group of "female Googlers" and "minority Googlers" and an out-group of "white male Googlers". It's no wonder, that five years later, the company finds itself being sued by representatives of both identity groups, aggrieved that the company is making them feel uncomfortable, and angered that things have not gone their way.

Due to the aggressive diversity efforts aimed at promoting women and minorities within the company, Google's leaders appear to have activated a sense of grievance and factionalism among their employee community. Rather than working together as a cohesive and trusting team, employees have compiled spreadsheets about each other, have taken screenshots of each other's communications, and have tweeted out their frustrations for all the world to see.

Why is this happening? We can blame identity politics. While many groups can claim ownership to historical injustices, and have legitimate concerns, identity politics can also be taken too far. And when it is taken too far, what emerges is a rejection of teamwork based on shared values and a shared vision, and what emerges instead is a zero-sum competition for power and resources. And within the workplace, this is poison.

ALL IMAGES CREDIT: SILVER SHADOW

Q & A

THE NAKED TRUTH

WE TALK WITH ANGELA AND BRADFORD OF BYTHEBI ABOUT SWINGING IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

BY AMIE WEE

FOR many, the concept of swingers conjures up visuals of free-loving 1970s key parties and wife-swapping. These days, swinging has had a rebranding with today's generation radically rethinking sex and relationships. *Penthouse* spoke with Angela and Bradford Elmore, a bisexual expat couple living in Sydney, about the realities of managing multiple lovers, the stigmas associated with swingers and what it takes to make non-monogamy work.

How did you first get into the swinging lifestyle?

B: I stumbled upon it through a hook-up app in the states. I found a couple who were swingers and who wanted a male that they could call upon for a regular MMF (which stands for Male/Male/Female. Use your imagination – Ed.). It was so much fun sharing each of them with the other (and being shared between the two) that when Angela and I started dating, it just made sense to ask her if she was interested.

What are the biggest misconceptions about swingers?

B: Everyone's experience is different, but the tales of 'key parties' and anonymous sex are way off base. We find that there is a lot more socialising to get to know the people you are about to have sex with.

A: There's a big misconception is that swingers are promiscuous. There are many swingers who only have one or two couples with which they swap partners, or those who visit the swingers club once or a couple times a year. And safety/protection is a big priority in the swinging community.

Tell us about a memorable swinging experience you've had together.

A: There have been so many! One of my favourites was this past New Year's Eve at Our Secret Spot. There were so many sexy, fun people. Bradford and I ended up in our favourite play room in a group of seven (with others around sharing the space) for many hours of fun, not leaving until sunrise. It was such a fluid experience with a very fun group of people.

B: Just one!? Looking up to count the number of people in the orgy room at Our Secret Spot and doing a quick head count of 17 people in the room where 14 of them were in some form of sexual congress, two of them were first timers on a tour of the club, and the last was a manager of the club who said to the newbies with a casual wave to the rest of us, "This is the orgy room. Sometimes this happens." Then there was the acrobat from a travelling Cirque de Soleil show who was built like an adonis and completely bisexual.

Do you think there's a stigma associated with living in such an unorthodox relationship?

B: Absolutely, people are afraid of what they don't understand, and the easiest way to deal with that fear is to ostracise the target. This is partly why we speak so openly about it. Non-monogamy is not for everyone – but neither is monogamy.

A: Especially in some parts of the world, many can feel that they will be punished for having a non-traditional and perhaps, non-heteronormative relationship. And that may very well be the case, or it may be them putting pressure on themselves. But society has historically not looked as favourably upon non-monogamous, non-heteronormative relationships. I feel that is slowly changing, but not yet fully embraced by society in general.

EVERYONE'S EXPERIENCE IS DIFFERENT, BUT THE TALES OF 'KEY PARTIES' AND ANONYMOUS SEX ARE WAY OFF BASE.

What are the pros and cons of an open relationship?

A: Being open has definitely strengthened our relationship with each other. If you can talk to your partner about having sex with other people and what you like or don't like in another potential partner, then all the mundane daily conversations about life in general become much easier.

Finding potential partners can be time intensive, especially if this is done online through websites and apps. It is both fun to look at who else is out there and explore potential partners, while at the same time taking a bit of time to do so. Establishing those relationships, potentially going on a date or meeting at the swingers' club, can be so exciting and exhilarating. It also has been great to meet so many interesting people from all walks of life, whom we would never have met if it hadn't been for swinging and an open relationship.

WHERE TO PLAY?

Bradford and I frequent Our Secret Spot in Sydney regularly, as we enjoy the environment and the staff are caring. Our Secret Spot is a safe space in which to meet like-minded people and explore swinging and sexuality. We have also been fortunate to host the Pendulum Party at Our Secret Spot quarterly. The Pendulum Party is a night where patrons can explore not only swinging but also bisexuality, bicuriosity, or any level of sexual fluidity with which they are comfortable – even if it's just watching and seeing how things work. Visit oursecretspot.com.au for more info

KEEP THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION OPEN, RELAX, AND JUST HAVE FUN! DON'T WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK OF YOUR LIFESTYLE CHOICES.

B: Opening up a relationship can be scary. Open relationships are often magnifying glasses. If your relationship starts on a strong foundation, that foundation will be enhanced; your communication skills increase and the couple will have an even tighter relationship. If the relationship foundation has cracks and crevices, they will be magnified and can become canyons and pitfalls that are difficult to navigate.

Do you ever feel jealous?

B: Of course, but we have found that that is often due to poor communication. Our imaginations are scary things, but by focusing our efforts on our communication we can help allay the jealous feelings.

What are your basic rules?

A: Don't bring someone home without prior consent; always use protection and get tested for STIs regularly; never 'take one for the team'; always keep open lines of communication and be willing to talk about what is happening, whether positive or negative.

B: And always be willing to talk about what may be in your head; don't let issues fester into problems.

Do you have any rules that might seem strange to an outsider?

A: One of my personal rules is that I don't let people sleep over (a couple of long term partners excepted).

B: I'm not willing to share her arse with anyone else! Everything else is fine but anal sex is just for me.

If you could give one piece of advice to yourselves when you first began exploring an open relationship, what would it be?

A: Keep the lines of communication open, relax, and just have fun! Don't worry so much about what other people think of your lifestyle choices. If you and your partner are both happy and have a solid foundation, then opinions of others don't matter and they should embrace your happiness.

B: Don't be ashamed of who you are. If you and your partner are living your best life, you're both happy and you both are getting what you need from the relationship no one else's opinion matters. Many of them are going to be jealous of the quality of your relationship.

If you're interesting in learning more about the swinging community, open relationships and bisexuality, check out the Elmore's podcast at bythebi.com.au.

"Fine wines don't just happen,
they are created from passion, dedication
and grape quality" – Randal Tomich

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OPINION

SEXUAL MISCON-WHAT?

SEXUAL HARASSMENT AND ASSAULT ARE CLEAR AND SPECIFIC LEGAL TERMS. IN THE ERA OF #METOO, A NEW TERM HAS BEEN INTRODUCED, AND IT'S BEGINNING TO MUDDY THE WATERS.

BY JUSTIN CAMPBELL

GOOGLE searches for an obscure term "sexual misconduct" dramatically increased in the aftermath of the Harvey Weinstein scandal and our own PM's decree of the Bonk Ban. In November 2017, Google trends reported that the most common related search at the height of the Weinstein scandal was the question, *"What is sexual misconduct?"* Unlike the more familiar terms *sexual harassment* and *sexual assault*, the definition of sexual misconduct and the forms in which it might present are not readily apparent to most people.

The Dictionary of Ethical and Legal Terms and Issues defines sexual misconduct as, "an umbrella term for any misconduct of a sexual nature that is usually perpetrated against an individual without his or her consent or where the power dynamics of the relationship are being challenged in an effort to redefine the nature or form of consent necessary in a given circumstance. The misconduct can be of various degree, such as exposure, assault, aggressive come ons, pleading, or even inattentiveness to nonverbal cues of discomfort."

The difficulty with this umbrella term is its lack of precision. Unlike sexual assault and sexual harassment, sexual misconduct lacks a precise legal definition and is often applied where the two more definite terms are not appropriate. This lack of precision appeals to today's neo-puritans, as 'misconduct' can be defined as any behaviour the neo-puritans regard as 'misconduct' at a given point in time. Armed with a term that would be at home in Orwell's Newspeak dictionary, modern-day puritans use sexual misconduct as a term to achieve through public trial and Twitter mobs what can't be achieved through the legal process.

While we are all entitled to our own views on morality in the workplace, we must be all judged by the same objective standard. That standard is sexual harassment. People often make poor life decisions; they sleep with the wrong people, they sleep with their bosses, and they have affairs because they're fun and dangerous. People often consent to things they come to regret. However, a regrettable decision to have sex should never be confused with sexual harassment or sexual assault.

The Australian Human Rights Commission defines sexual harassment as, "Any unwanted or unwelcome sexual behaviour, which makes a person feel offended, humiliated or intimidated. Sexual harassment is not interaction, flirtation or friendship which is mutual or consensual."

Herein lies the difference between sexual harassment and misconduct: consent. Sexual harassment grants both parties agency. Both people are considered adults capable of giving consent. A consensual sexual encounter is not sexual harassment. The term sexual misconduct strips one party, usually the woman, of their ability to give consent and makes a scapegoat of the other party.

Recently Monica Lewinsky wrote that the #metoo campaign has made her reconsider whether she was capable of consenting in her affair with former US President Bill Clinton stating, "I'm beginning to entertain the notion that in such a circumstance the idea of consent might well be rendered moot."

Is this true though? Did the power difference between Lewinsky and Bill Clinton strip her of her agency and of her ability to consent to a sexual relationship? Or did she do what many people do and make a foolish decision that she later regretted? It's easy to see why Lewinsky would regret her decision after her public humiliation, but does that mean she had no agency at the time of the affair?

MODERN-DAY PURITANS USE SEXUAL MISCONDUCT AS A TERM TO ACHIEVE THROUGH PUBLIC TRIAL AND TWITTER MOBS WHAT CAN'T BE ACHIEVED THROUGH THE LEGAL PROCESS.

Closer to home Barnaby Joyce's decision to have an affair with a staffer has been described as sexual misconduct, but is it reasonable to end his political career because of a consensual relationship between two adults? When did being a root-rat become a crime? There is no evidence that his relationship with Vicki Campion was undesired by her. Whatever we might think of her preferences in sexual partners, we don't have the right to strip her of agency.

Ella Whelan wrote in her book, *What women want – fun, freedom and an end to feminism*, that, "The normal, messy play of sexual relations is being problematised. Feminists encourage women to see every sexual encounter not as a potentially exciting experience, but as something risky and dangerous." This is made clear in demands that consent be 'enthusiastic'.

No longer is even a verbal 'Yes, I would quite like some

sex now, please' sufficient. According to Canadian website *Yesmeansyes.com*, "Consent is a whole-body experience. It is not just a verbal 'yes' or 'no' – it involves paying attention to your partner as a person and checking in with physical and emotional cues as well." This new definition of consent puts unrealistic demands on the capacity of horny men to discern their partner's desires.

Netflix celebrity and self-proclaimed male feminist Aziz Ansari found himself at the centre of a sexual misconduct scandal after a woman he briefly dated gave an anonymous interview to Babe.net, claiming that she had felt uncomfortable at how fast things had escalated. The woman, 'Grace', both gave and received oral sex from Ansari, however she also claimed she had provided Ansari with both verbal and non-verbal cues that she was uncomfortable with how the evening was proceeding.

Some might argue that a woman going back to a man's apartment and performing oral sex on him might be considered consent. Not according to advocates of enthusiastic consent, who demand that a gentleman should continually 'check in' with a lady's physical and emotional cues. Yet if the lady is a Lewinsky or a 'Grace', even the most diligent 'checking in' might not prevent the lady's later feelings of regret. And what if I'm bad in bed and can't pleasure my date? Is she still consenting? What if I fail to meet her emotional needs over breakfast next morning? Will her disappointment turn to regret, and thus a case of 'misconduct'? How do I judge the 'whole-body experience' of a woman I barely know?

Sex should be fun, adventurous and even dangerous. People have always craved the forbidden. Seduction has always involved risk; women want to be desired and to have men brave adversity to earn their affection. There's a reason why nice guys finish last; no woman wants a coward. However, there is a difference between seduction and harassment, and that's why we protect against sexual harassment and assault. Sexual misconduct muddies the line between the two and strips the individual of the agency and ability to provide consent. It assumes women are incapable of saying no. It places the burden of responsibility on men and treats women as children. Both men and women deserve more respect than the definition the neo-puritans provide.

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DEBBIE?

TO THIS DAY WE DON'T KNOW WHO PLAYED WANNABE CHEERLEADER DEBBIE, THE STAR OF ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SKIN FLICKS OF ALL TIME.
BY TOBIAS HANDKE

THIS year marks the fortieth anniversary of *Debbie Does Dallas*, one of the most successful mainstream pornographic films of all time. Released at the tail end of the 'Golden Age of Porn' the skin flick helped legitimise the pornographic industry while going on to become a pop culture phenomenon, with even the most straight-laced film fans aware of its impact.

Debbie Does Dallas starred the beautiful Bambi Woods as the eponymous heroine Debbie, a high school cheerleader wanting to travel to Texas and try out for the world famous Texas Cowgirls Cheerleaders. With little money to get there, Debbie convinces her friends to trade sexual favours for cash so she can earn enough and head to the tryouts. Amazingly her friends agree, and what follows is 90-odd minutes of fellating, cunnilingus, vaginal and anal sex, lesbianism, and a good old-fashioned ménages-a-trois to round things off.

Produced and directed by Jim Clark, *Debbie Does Dallas* was funded by Mafia heavy Mickey Zaffarano, one of the main players in the porn industry during its heyday. Featuring a raft of well-known porn veterans including Robin Byrd, Christie Ford and Robert Kerman, it was the unknown Woods who stole the film as the sweet and innocent girl next door, Debbie. Woods' involvement in the film was quite strange, coming about because she owed a friend some money. By appearing in the flick, Woods could earn enough to pay off her debt and go back to her normal life.

Shot in and around New York, many of the scenes in the film featured well-known locations, such as the Brooklyn College athletic field and the Pratt Institute library in Brooklyn. The production crew didn't have any permits and were often filming in public without approval, running the risk of arrest.

Opening at New York's Pussycat Theatre during October of 1978, *Debbie Does Dallas* became an unprecedented hit and began to

sell out theatres across the States, but not without resistance. The Dallas Cowboys forced one cinema to stop showing the film on the basis the flick was alluding to the real-life Cowboys' cheerleaders, while the FBI were in the midst of a three-year undercover operation to bring the industry down from the inside. Zaffarano was a key figure in the sting and was eventually caught but died while being arrested in 1980, two years after the release of *Debbie Does Dallas*.

Despite the controversy, the film reportedly made close to US$3 million dollars in its first year and sold over 50,000 VHS copies upon its initial release. This helped push videocassettes as the new way of watching porn while simultaneously killing off theatrical porn releases in the process. The film's tremendous success spawned a number of sequels, spin-offs and remakes over the next four decades. An Off-Broadway musical comedy was even produced in 2002, with many theatregoers left unsatisfied after discovering there was no nudity or sex in the performance.

But the film's biggest legacy may be its star Bambi Woods. Positioned as the next big thing in porn, Woods mysteriously disappeared from the spotlight and was never heard from again. With no record kept of her real name it has been impossible for anyone to track her down, although there are two schools of thought on her whereabouts. A 2005 article by *The Age* claimed she died of a drug overdose in 1986, while a Channel 4 documentary, *Debbie Does Dallas Uncovered*, alluded to Woods being alive and well and most likely living an anonymous life, not wanting to relive her past as an adult performer.

Whatever happened to Woods will most likely never be known, but for a few short years she was the biggest name in the porn industry and the catalyst that launched *Debbie Does Dallas* into the top five of highest grossing porn films of all time, earning herself and the film, a place in cinematic history.

PAUL ANTHONY

paulanthonylabel.com

UNCOVERED

SHIP WRECKED

PHOTOGRAPHER
JACKSON HEELEY

MODEL
SHAN HAWKINS
@SHAN_HAWKINS

"THE rusted surface and harsh, angular shapes of the HMQS Gayundah are a beautiful contrast to the smooth skin and delicate curves of Shanice's body. Photographing women in unfamiliar cities can be daunting. I don't have long to build the special relationships I create to capture intimate images with my subjects. I find working with Shanice comes naturally, things just work, she connects. The sun was disappearing, which made for a beautiful soft light. Wading through the shallow waters of the ship, we were able to capture some beautifully vulnerable moments."

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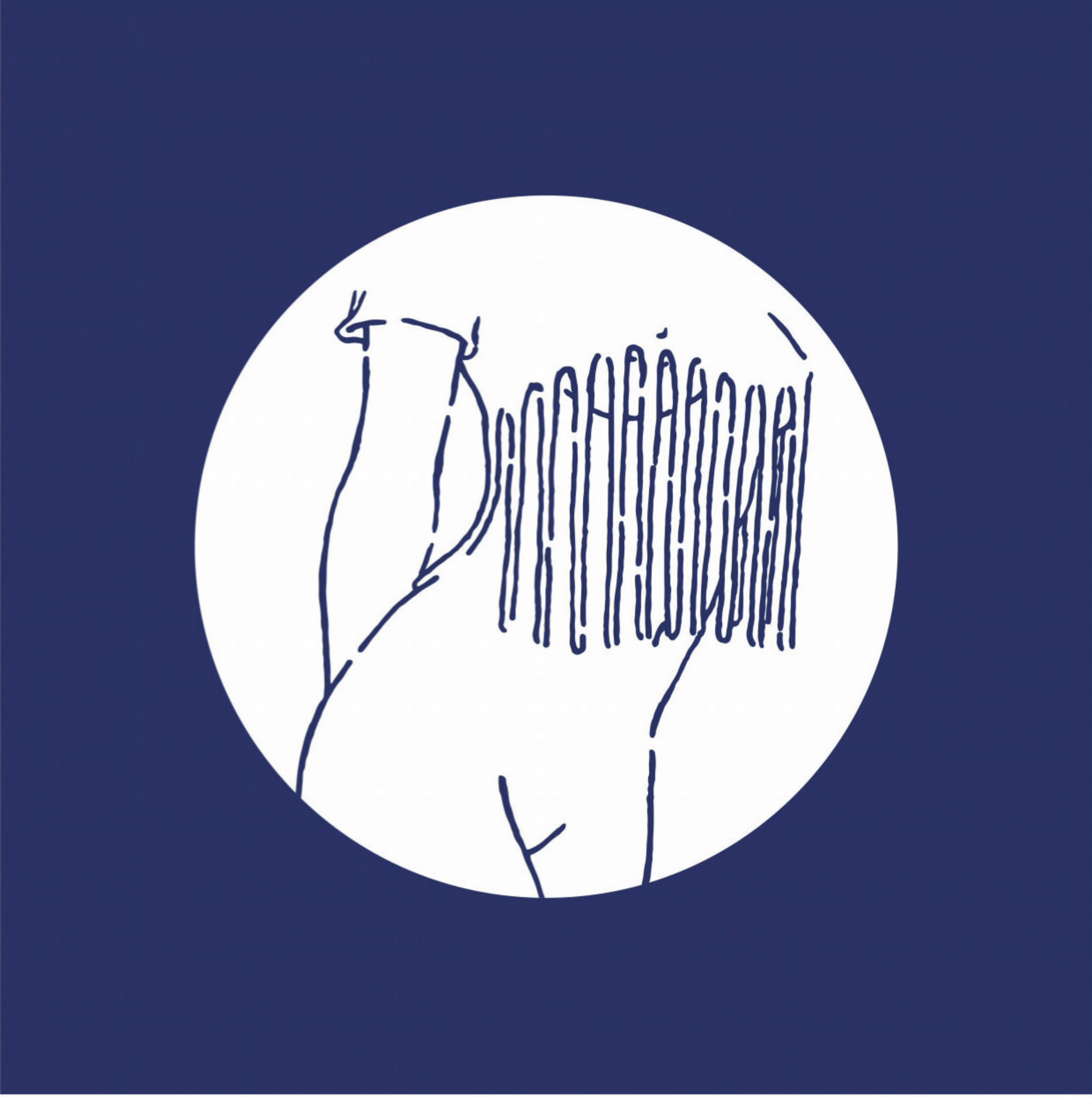


WAR ON NIPPLES

THE DUMBEST CENSORSHIP LAWS AND ATTITUDES AUSTRALIA HAS WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN'S BODIES, GENITALS AND ORGASMS.

WORDS BY AMIE WEE | ART BY NACHO CASSANOVA

FEAR OF THE NIPPLE

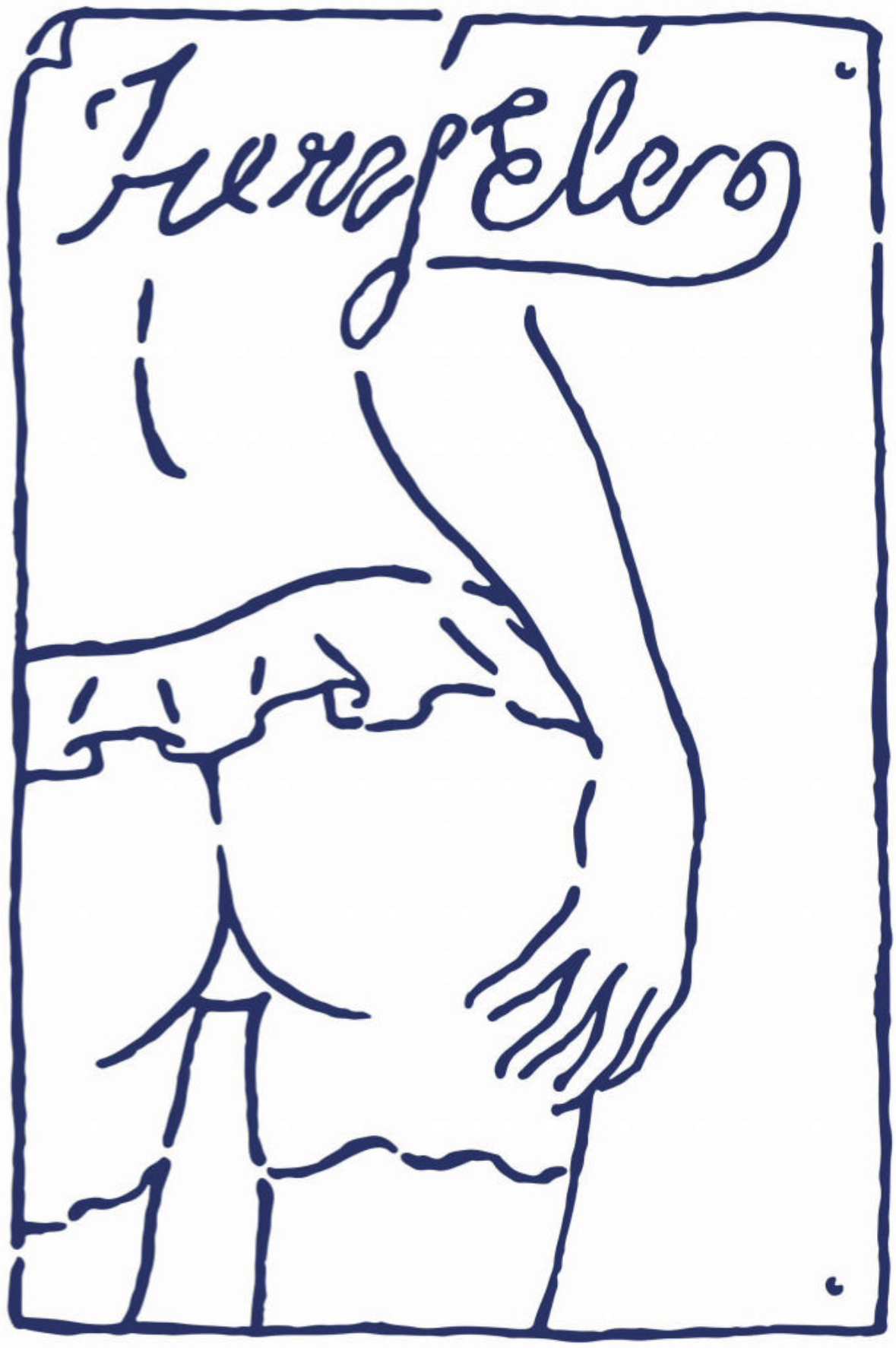
If you're a dude and you take your top off at the beach, no one will bat an eyelid. It's pretty much assumed that you'll strip off your shirt. Take a few selfies while you're at it, post them to Facebook and Instagram… bam. Try and do this as a woman though and it's likely you'll be asked to leave the beach and receive a ban from your social media platforms.

The same parts of a female body that are also presented on a male body are treated very different when they belong to a woman, not a man. While they (the Nipple Police) can't charge women for being topless, they can badger female owners of nipples to cover them up or leave, just like those prudish beach inspectors from the 1930s. In the '80s, going topless at the beach in Australia was all the rage but these days you're only likely to see female areola on the loose at nude beaches and private beaches. The consistent message is that men are allowed to have their nipples out but women are held to a different standard. Enough! Free the nip!

THE CLASSIFICATION RIDDLE

'Men's mags' like *Penthouse* have gotten a bad rap for deliberately Photoshopping images of women's labia, but actually, you can thank the Australian government's fucked up censorship laws for that one.

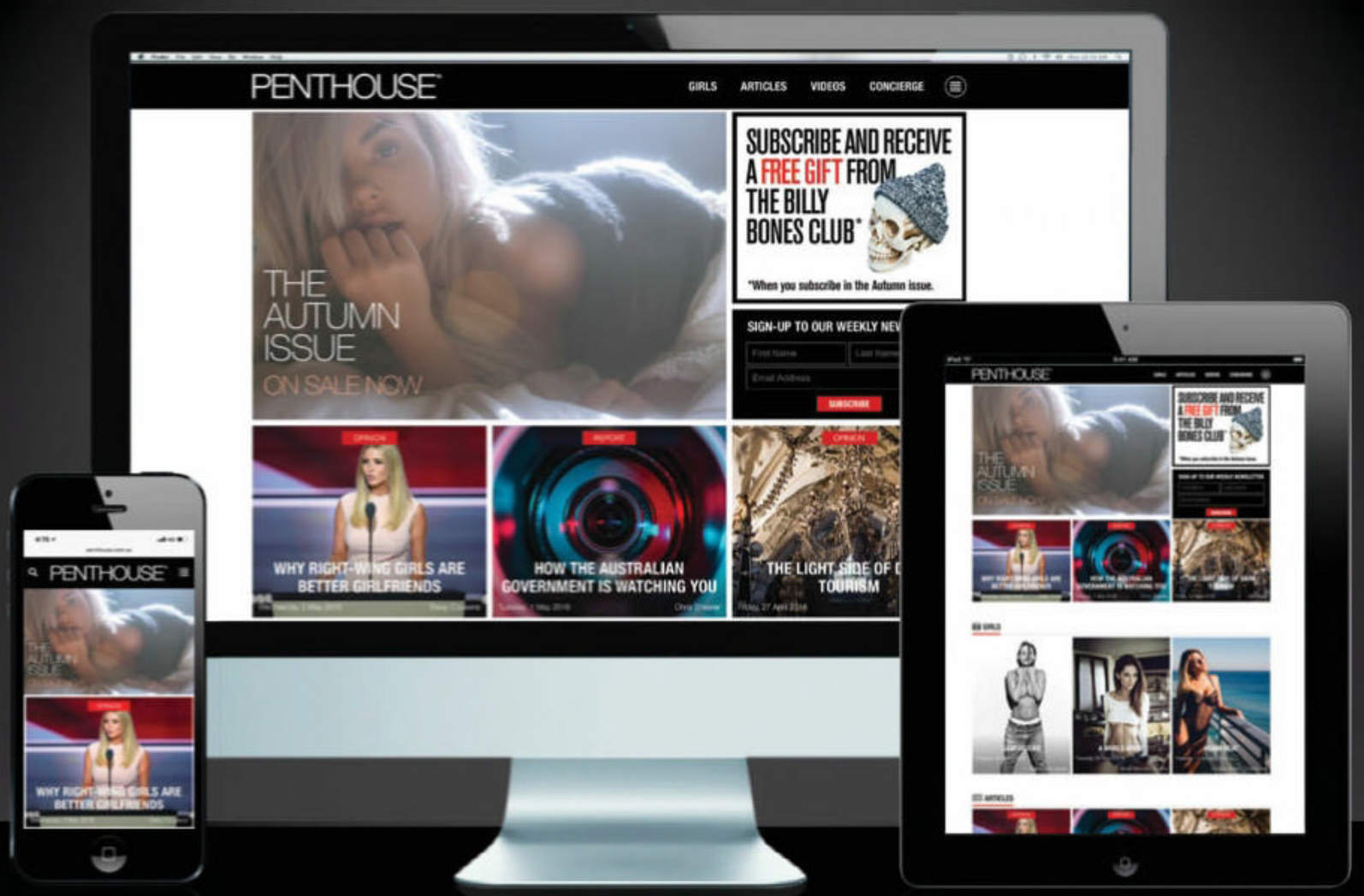
Australian censorship laws state that there must only be 'discreet genital details' on images in adult magazines in order to qualify for a Mature rating (meaning, the magazine doesn't have to be bagged and it can legally be distributed in all states). If there're any visible labia showing (aka. less than discreet genital details), even if the model's legs are closed, or, any hint of moistness, the magazine is deemed a Category 1 and must be hidden in plastic before it's sold. Let that sink in for a minute… you can show a big pair of hairy balls accompanied by a cock, but if you are a woman with labia that refuses to be contained, your body will be censored. In 2002, the Australian classification board even knocked back a *Penthouse* article that featured pictures of realistic silicone sex dolls with their legs open. Calm down, Martha.



CALM DOWN, KENNETH

Another thing Australians are good at is whinging about pictures of half-naked women.

Last year, a local councillor branded advertising in a southwestern Sydney shopfront as “disgusting and offensive”. Was the content racist? Violent? No… the ads in question were store front banners in a Bras N Things store in Macarthur Square shopping centre. The banners featured, well, women modelling the brand’s bras and undies. Cindy Cagney, who made the complaint, said it was “an unrealistic view of women and is sexually suggestive”. Kenneth Thor, a Melbourne father of three, was so riled about the models in their underwear that he personally unleashed an online petition in attempt to force Westfield to step in and tear down the “soft porn”. His petition received over 60,000 signatures. Not a bad effort. Imagine what Kenneth could achieve if he started a petition about something that actually matters.



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OPINION

WHO ARE YOU ROOTING FOR?

WHEN DID WE AUSTRALIANS GET SO BLOODY BORING? BRING BACK THE LARRIKIN SPIRIT THAT MADE THIS COUNTRY GREAT! BY AARON STONEHOUSE

THE USA was colonised by the Pilgrim Fathers, as dour a collection of black-clad, rule-obsessed party-poopers as was possible to crowd into a single, leaky boat. So it should be no real surprise that the government they spawned saddled their kids with prohibition, the war on drugs and a tax code that would bring any reasonable person out in hives.

Here in Australia, we started on a different tack. Our early colonists were a ragtag bunch of Irish Catholic convicts, thieves and rogues, with the occasional sheep-shagger thrown in for good measure. We were drunks almost to a man, worked best at gunpoint and slacked off at the slightest excuse. We went walkabout at will, waltzing around a great, and essentially empty country as the mood took us, and we considered overbearing government to be something we'd left behind in the Old World. We were larrikins. We were free spirits. We were impossible to contain. Until we weren't.

Where did it all go wrong? When did Nanny sneak through the immigration net and start to dictate to us again, as if we were no more than a bunch of snotty nosed, truant children?

The First World War? The Second? You can make an argument for any or all of those, and as it happens I do blame the Germans, but for me it's a lot more recent than that. For me, it all dates back to the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1990.

AS IT HAPPENS I DO BLAME THE GERMANS, BUT FOR ME IT'S A LOT MORE RECENT THAN THAT. FOR ME, IT ALL DATES BACK TO THE FALL OF THE BERLIN WALL IN 1990.

You're thinking that's a stretch, right? Well ponder this. With the fall of Communism, we lost our favourite whipping boy. Prior to 1990, every hair-brained, half-arsed notion that the Left put forward could be dismissed as the ravings of would-be Commies. Remove the threat, and you remove the fear. Australia no longer had to worry about an invasion of jackbooted Ivans in a fleet of little red Ladas, and all of a sudden nanny-state, interventionist policies were hip and trendy. When we lost our whipping boy, we were the ones who, overnight, became whipped.

Now don't get me wrong: if a good whipping sets you up for the day, be my guest – lay on with abandon! But the problem with this particular whipping was that it became apparent the Left interfering in their well-meaning way wouldn't necessarily bring about the end of Western democracy as we knew it.

Upon this realisation, we really let big government get the bit between its teeth. When the wall came down, the Australian taxpayer was shelling out less than $9 billion per year on welfare payments, and had approximately 140,000 civil servants sucking at the Federal teat. Ten years later, we were spending a whopping $90 billion – 10 times what we had just 10 short years before – and we were employing an additional 20,000 pen-pushers. We were essentially allowing Big Brother to pay people to sit at home and watch *Big Brother*. Reality TV had become… reality.

And with that came a slather of nanny-state laws. Nanny was paying us a stipend and keeping us safe, so surely she had the right to tell us what to do? Want me to reduce my speed, sure, no problem. Seatbelts? Too easy. Smoking in public? *Cough, cough*, never. Double shots? Perish the thought, officer. Bike helmets? Pass the matching Lycra, darling!

We now live in a country where it's perfectly acceptable for the government to take the roof from over your family's head because you grew six cannabis plants in your backyard for personal use. We've allowed our government to do what governments always do in the end – they've turned our own laws back upon us.

To quote the late, great, country singer, Merle Haggard, "are we rolling downhill like a snowball heading for hell?" I sometimes think we are. The only hope I can see for us lies in not shying away from our convict roots, but embracing them. We need to seek out the loosest, the toughest, the misfits and the players, the bad and the downright mad – people who know how to party – and remember what fun used to be like. Clap them in irons, give them the number of a damned good people smuggler, and get them into the country pronto!

Earlier this year, *The Guardian*, that bastion of leftist, cotton-wool-wrapped safe-space morals, called time on James Bond, claiming 007 was too toxic for the #MeToo era. They're welcome to their opinion. Me, I'd welcome Sean, Pierce and Daniel any day of the week. And you know what, if we're throwing open our doors to new blood, why not ship us all those unemployed Grid Girls too – they might be overdressed for our sun-drenched climate, but there are still a few skimpy barmaids who can teach them a thing or two about accessorising. We need to remember what it is to laugh at ourselves, and at our leaders in their starched shirts. We need to reclaim the bar fridge as our safe-space, eat more red meat than is good for us, and remind ourselves that 'She'll be right' so long as we don't let the pollies loose among the collection plates.

We've boundless plains to share, but we need to share them with blokes and sheilas who can drink, smoke and party the way our grandfathers and their grandfathers did. We need to get back to our roots!

Aaron Stonehouse is the Member for South Metropolitan Region in the Parliament of Western Australia. He is a member of the Liberal Democrats.

CREDIT: BEASTFROMEAST

DA
MATE

CREDIT: JASON JOHNSON

PENTHOUSE FORUM

REJECT

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS RECEIVED FROM PENTHOUSE FORUM.

Dear Penthouse,

It was a fairly boring party. I drifted in and out of about a half-dozen conversations: shit I've heard before and shit I will undoubtedly hear about again. Current events, jobs, the weather, mass-transit delays... the usual fare of chit-chat and small talk. Then, a tall, leggy redhead struck up a conversation with me and said the magic word: "sex." My brain popped back into gear and I started listening. And gleefully, the word "sex" had been preceded by the word "safe." She was expounding that anyone with a little imagination could still enjoy a casual encounter. The trick was to be safe. Safe, responsible sex was a fun way that two consenting adults could get to know each other, have fun, and pass the time.

I must admit that I was into the idea. I hadn't had any encounters, casual or otherwise, in far too long. She had me... and I hoped that tonight would be our encounter. "Would you like a refill?" I asked, motioning to her drink. She did.

Tracy and I were flirting away, but her girlfriends came by and asked if she wanted to leave. "Oh, Steve is going to take me home," she said while pointing at me. "You guys can go without me." Damn! That was an interesting way to let me know I was in! My dick responded immediately with an excited little wiggle. I grabbed my coat and was ready to go.

The cab ride home was interesting. Tracy and I made out a little, and she whispered that she had something special in mind for me. When we got to her apartment, Tracy excused herself to the bedroom and changed. I sat and waited. When she returned she was topless, wearing only a red thong. She looked fantastic. She was pale and curvy with faint freckles dotting her cleavage. Her tits were natural D-cups and her nipples were light pink... almost the color of her fair skin. And that thong hugged her body so well, perfectly highlighting her curvy frame. I was speechless. "I have something for you to wear," she said. "Put these on." It caught me by surprise.

Tracy handed me what appeared to be a pair of panties and fishnet nylons. I looked at her quizzically and she repeated, "Put them on." Thinking I had nothing to lose, I went into the bathroom and tried to make heads or tails of the foreign objects in my hands. Two black fishnet stocking-type things and black panties that appeared to have three leg holes. I put on the underwear first and my dick popped out of the center hole. I guess they were crotchless panties. Three leg holes? Idiot. I put on the fishnets next, and looked and felt completely ridiculous. My leg hair made everything worse.

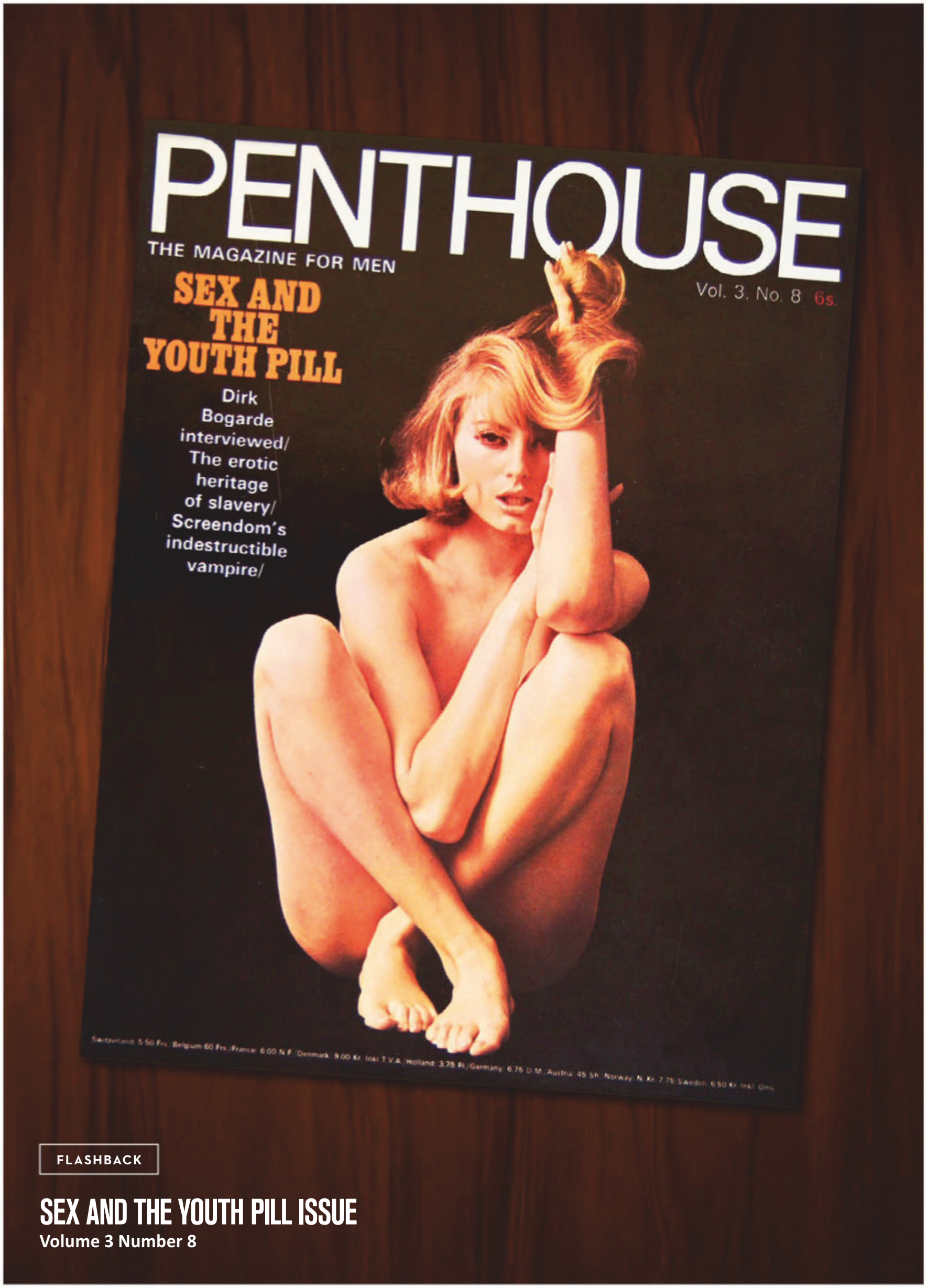
I felt like a total asshole. I was practically limp. The sexual tension and excitement just zapped from the situation. I sheepishly made my way out of the bathroom. "You look so pretty," Tracy cooed with a smile. It did nothing for me, but I kept my mouth shut. Tracy made her way to the bed, slid her fingers under her red thong and started to play with herself. Okay. Things were starting to look up. I walked toward her and asked if she needed my help. In my mind, this was a rhetorical question. "Oh no. We are keeping our hands to ourselves," she replied as she buried two of her fingers deep into her wet pussy.

As Tracy continued to get herself off, she moaned that she wanted me to stand at the foot of the bed and watch. Normally, I would consider watching a beautiful woman masturbate to be an amazing moment, however, I was more bewildered. I tried to get my little guy going, but whenever I felt it start to get hard, I would look down at the poor fellow and see him popping out from the black lacy underthings he did not belong in.

Eventually, Tracy moaned as she brought herself to orgasm, and collapsed in a beautiful, shuddering heap. Clearly, she had gotten what she needed out of me, and I certainly had enough of this nonsense as well. I gave her a peck on the cheek, dressed as quickly as I could, and left her apartment. "I'll never forget you," she called as the door shut behind me.

I am writing *Penthouse* to warn its readers. If you are ever in NYC and meet a stunning redhead who likes to spout about safe sex... run! This woman is a total fruitcake and you should just avoid her dumb sex games. Thank you in advance for publishing this warning.

-Steve aka Not Pretty in New York City



FLASHBACK

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